OSTELLA

Or the

FACTION

OF

LOVE and BEAUTY

RECONCIL'D.

By *I. T.* Gent.

LONDON:
Printed for *John Tey*, at the *White-Lion* in the *Strand*, near the New *EXCHANGE*, 1650.

To the deſervedly Honoured, and highly accompliſhed Sir *Richard Haſtings*. Baronet.

SIR;

I Am *no* ſtranger *to your* worth, *though* I am *to your* Perſon; *The* fame *of the* one *makes me* Ambitious *to be known to* the other. It *hath been the* goodneſſe *of all* Noble Souls, *to Communicate their* Virtues *to the* feeble, *by taking* them *into their* Protection; *The* light *of which* leads *me to the* boldneſſe *of* ſheltring *theſe* Poems *under your* Patronage. *And though* (*Sir*) *this* Preſumption *may juſtly Merit your* Check, *yet when your* Judgement *ſhall diſcover their* Nakedneſſe, *and find how much* they *need*

need your fence *againſt the* ſtorms *their own* weakneſſe *may* draw *upon them, your Native Sweetneſſe* (*doubtleſſe*) *will intercede for, and open the Sanctuary to*

Sir,

Yours in all humbleneſſe devoted.

JOHN TATHAM.

To the truly Ingenious, and promiſing fulneſs of Gallantry, *Kimſmel Lucie.* Eſquire.

SIR,

WOrthy Preſents are received for their own value; mean ones (if at all) for his ſake that beſtows them: I will not then diſpair of kind Entertainment from you, ſince you have been pleaſed not to account me unwelcome to your ſelf. The favours from your Noble Father, and your ſelf Oblieges me to this dutious offering: And if you deny not it what you have vouchſafed to me, it ſhall be my care to render my ſelf gratefull by a more worthy Preſent.

ſent. In the mean time, theſe may ſerve as Sallats, to provoke the Appetite of a young wit: I dare not commend them to you to feed on, ſince the ſmalleſt fragment that falls from the Banquet of Your Fancy, the niceſt Pallat may feaſt with. And therefore be pleaſed to admit me, if for no intrinſique worth of my own, yet in regard I have the virtue to admire yours.

Your ever

Honourer,

I. T.

The Book to the Reader.

I'M troubled with no leſſe
Than the Plague *of the* Preſs,
you ſee the Spots *are on me*:
Yet, I would not be croſt,
Leſt my Author be loſt;
but I'd have —— MERCY VPON ME.

ERRATA.

PAge 8. line 3. for *erment* read *torment*. p. 9. l. 23. for *loves* r. *leaves*. p. 10. l. 4. for *heart* r. *tears*. p. 22. l. 19. for *hold* r. *held* p. 26. l. 21. for *if it be* r. *if't be*. p. 35. l. 19. (*the*) too much. p. 38. l. 8. for *the* r. *thy*. l. 29. for *beſt* r. *bleſt*. p. 43. l. 1. for *wes* r. *was*. p. 44. l. 1. for *infection* r. *infection*. l. 18. for *votury* r. *votary*. p. 47. l. 8. for *doth* r. *doe*. p. 48. l. 4 for *'tis* r. *to's*. p. 51. l. 9. for *with* r. *which*. l. 13. for *All* r. *He*. p. 55. l. 15. for *nubrown* r. *nutbrown*. p. 61. l. 6. for *ſweetnes* r. *ſweets*. p. 79. l. 4. for *its* r. *it* p. 92. l. 18. for *the* r *thy*. p. 97 l. 14. for *not* r. *ow'*. l. 20. for *as* r *or*. p. 98. l. 5. for *Lortes* r. *Lutes*. l. 22. for *Milk* r. *Meat*. p. 100. l. 20. for *ſight* r. *fight*. p. 103 l. 16. for *which* r. *with*. p. 104. l. 24. for *draw* r. *drown*. p. 106. l. 12. for *juſt* r. *miſt*. l. 19. for *enjoy'd* r. *envy'd*.

Oſtella

OSTELLA:

Or

The Faction of Love and Beauty Reconciled.

Upon my firſt ſight of *OSTELLA.*

IN what dark world have I entomb'd my ſight
thus long, till now, I ne're ſaw perfect light:
The Sun his common favours doth diſpenſe,
aſwell unto the Peaſant as the Prince.
Each Ploughman whiſtles forth *Aurora's* ray.
and proudly vaunts, an intereſt in the day;
The Moon we know doth ſlender light maintain,
ſhe's ſcarce in the full, before ſhe's in the wain;
The Stars (thoſe petty inſtruments of light,)
ſeldome appear, but in a frofty night.
Theſe lights do rule by turns. Nor can One take,
anothers time on; or All one light make.

When here is one whoſe luſtre doth excell
all naturall cauſes; heaven on her brow doth dwell.
Her glori's ſtill the ſame, and ne're declines,
but with the ſelf-ſame Majeſty ſtill ſhines.
Sure did thoſe Negro's that adore the Sun:
but feel her temperate heat they ſoon would ſhun
That Hereſie, and offer ſacrifice
to the Celeſtial vigour of her eys.
All ſhare not in this bliſſe, ſhe hath the ſence
to curb by want the common inſolence:
Her beams are laſting ſuch a heat is pure,
for though her light be ſparing, it is ſure.

My Reſolution.

REturn me not diſdain, for if you do,
By all thoſe nimble Fairies wait on you
I will indict you for a witch; and tell
how you do hang on er'y hair a ſpell.
Your brows are Magick circles in each eye,
where fools think *Cupids* lodge, do ſpirits lie.
That in unſeen Flames iſſue forth and kill
ſuch, your hate pointeth out ſlaves to your will;
That in the Dimples of your Cheeks we may,
diſcern chain'd hearts, kept for your ſport, who pay
Each hour a death, yet die not; that your breath
darts more infection than the ſpleen of Death.
That 'twixt thoſe two round hills (now to our view,)
lie buried all thoſe hearts your *Anger* ſlew.
That ſlaughtered hearts you make your chiefeſt Fare,
whoſe dying Groans ſpeak muſick in your ear:
That for your drink y'ave Lovers bloud and tears
diſtilled through the Limbeck of their fears.
That when you kiſſe you Traytor like betray,

Or

or with it ſome ſtrong Philtre do convey.
That after once poor man hath ſeen your face,
your Devils will not ſuffer him to raze
It out on's memory; but 'twill appear,
to terrifie him, his Hell er'y where.
That you can walk unſeen and ſo torment,
poor man he ſhall not have grace to repent.
And if theſe accuſations will not take
with potent proofs, and you a *Circe* make,
I muſt conclude for 'tis part of my fear,
you have bewitch'd the Judge and charm'd his ear;
And if the Iury find you not, *Them* too:
yet I will ſtand it out with them and you,
Then be adviſ'd and bribe me with a kiſſe,
not of a Killing temper but of bliſſe.
For which Ile change the ſcene and will acquaint
the World, you are no Devil but my Saint.

Oſtella *diſcribed.*

LEt others ſearch for Metaphors to raiſe
unto their Miſtreſs Pyramides of praiſe
If mine deſerve it, ſhee in time may have it,
in the mean time 'tis labour and 'ile ſave it,
Onely without the help of Art as nature,
hath ornamented her behold her Feature.
Her hair is lovely brown, her Face is fair,
Her eyes are black, her cheeks ſuch colours weare
As Art may imitate, but not excell,
her forehead high, compoſed paſſing well;
Her noſe of modeſt ſize, her mouth the like,
her lips are full and red, the veins do ſtrike;
Into Meanders, down her Neck and Breaſt;
her Breſt round, plump, and white; her skin the beſt
That Nature ever blanch'd; her fingers ſmall;

Hand, long and white; of Perſon ſomething Tall,
Her waſte of juſt proportion for a ſpan,
ſtraight ſhap'd; her feet (for there's the laſt I can
Diſcover) ſlender, inſtep ſomewhat high:
you have the full of my diſcovery.
Each Painter thus may take her Outward part,
But he muſt needs have skill, can take her Heart.

In the Morning:
A Flame.

From the deep ſenſe of hope and fear,
rais'd by the vigour of deſire,
which of it ſelfe's all fire,
Blown by the iſſues of our grief,
who break their Piſon for relief,
A flame is kindled in my breaſt,
pure, as the Veſtals ere poſſeſt,
Whoſe mild heat receives welcome there.

The Sacrifice.

From the ſweet hopes that doe ariſe
From a ſafe faith of joys to come
in loves Elizium;
From the chaſt incenſe of each Thought
Pil'd up, and into matter wrought,
And from that Senſe ſeems to Divine
A glory to't by being thine.
my heart's become a Sacrifice;
And if thou bee'ſt as juſt as fair,
Smother it not, but give it ayr.

To Oſtella, *an Adviſe before ſhe ſend an Anſwer.*

LEt looſe your reaſon firſt, and then
exile thoſe Enemies to love;
Thoſe flattering Thoughts, that in your Sex do reign,
as *Self-Conceit*, *Pride*, and *Diſdain*,
Which do ſuch deſp'rate Tenets move,
That you can live without us Men,
So to your ſelves you do injurious prove,
A loſſe to Nature, Hereticks to Love.

Let not your glaſs abet your will;
for though it ſpeak you fair,
It bids you not to hope to raiſe a Fame
out of the Reliques of a flame;
Nor think your Beauty is not rare,
Unleſs it hath the force to kill.
So Tyrants leſt their names forgot ſhould be,
Do ſome Grand Act to ſcare Poſterity.

Oſtella *ſmiling*,

WHo would not think thoſe Riſing Beams
So temp'rate were, that no extreams
Attended Them to cloud our Day,
and our Credulity betray,

Who could be ſuch a *Slave* to *Fear*,
to think a Tempeſt could be near
So Fair an Omen? Who'd not dare
Danger it ſelf, and Anchor there?

Who would not think himſelf ſecure,
and ſafety to himſelf aſſure,
When ſuch a mild and gentle Ray,
doth ſmooth the wrinckles of the Day.
But (oh) it takes the Lightnings form,
and I'm betray'd into a Storm.

To Oſtella *upon the pain of her Tooth-ach.*

REvengefull Love thy Cruelty to fit,
in Throngs and Pangs did uſe his wit
How he might hit ſome ſecret part,
whoſe tenderneſs might ad edge to his dart:
and make the Grief far greater than the Smart.

Knowing thy Breſt's of ſuch Materials made,
no Force could enter, though invade
It might, in labour was his Brain;
to bring't about, but finding 'twas in vain,
he fret, and ſweat himſelf into a pain.

The which his Tenderneſs could not endure,
and to his Mother ſought for Cure;
Who madly Anger'd ſeem'd to be,
and curſt that Burning Torment into Thee,
not half ſo bad as Thoſe which flame in me.
But I to *Love* will pray an eaſe for Thine.
ſo by *Thine own* thou'lt learn to pitty *Mine*.

To Oſtella *upon the lamenting the death of her Sparrow.*

WHat from a thing ſo mean, could raiſe
ſo much delight in thee,

That

That for its losse so soon thy Rays :
with storms should covered be?

A Bird that wanted Natures layes,
nor Beauty had, nor Worth.
Whom Nature never meant for praise ;
but tongue-ti'd sent it forth.

That 'tis a wonder strikes my heart,
and seems my sence to mock,
From whence it should achieve an Art
to draw tears from a rock.

But if the death of such a vain
thing, so much troubles you.
What for the heart your scorn hath slain
ought you in soul to do?

Vpon the Sparrow.

VVHat time hath been tane up for thee,
in play and pleasure fine,
When scarce a *Glance* could come to me
so great a bliss was thine:

When thou didst tipple at her lip,
and swil'd in drink divine,
My Thirsty Soul one Heavenly sip,
her hate would not affign.

Oft have I envied thy poor life,
and could grasp'd forth thy Breath,
And now my Genius is as rife
to envy this thy Death.

Since

Since from the Treasure of her eye,
such plenteous tears do fall;
That should my soul in torment lie,
none would be seen at all.

But though in life and death I seem
so much to envy thee,
Yet art thou rais'd with more esteem,
from *Death* to *Life* by me.

A Summons to a Seige.

COme thou Paphian Engineer,
since there is no human Art,
can redeem my captiv'd heart;
Oh come and plant thy Canon here.

In yon Cittadel there is
a Female wonder, that doth own
a Brest of flesh, but Heart of stone:
Nay sure far more relentless 'tis.

With my Heart here she thought fit;
to retire secur'd 'gainst war;
but I know thou'lt find it far
More hard to Conquer her than it,

What no human force could do,
in the conqueſt of her breast,
my hopes are with faith possest,
That, Love, thou mayest in time subdue.

The Retreat.

REtreat, Retreat, do you not ſee
as faſt as you *Granadoes* throw;
ſhe quencheth them in *Pits* of *ſnow.*
Intrencht about with *Ivory.*

And when you *Vndermine*, you are,
by cunning *Countermining* croſt,
and all your *Pioneers* are loſt
Nay, all your *Treaties* are but *Air.*

Your *Cannons* do no *terrour* ſound;
for ſhe with Penetrateles *ſtrength*
Repells them: then Retreat at length
E're your own *Weapons* give you *wound.*

Oſtella's Kiſſe.

WHen you *Oſtella* grac'd me with a *Kiſſe*,
it was conceiv'd, it could not wound my *Bliſſe*
Or diſcompoſe the *quiet* I poſſeſt,
e're *Love* uſurp'd the freedome of my *Breſt.*
But this I find, ſuch *Bliſſe*, ſuch *Torment* too,
I ne'r had felt, had I not *fancy'd* you.

That welcom'd kiſs ſhot fire through ev'ry part,
till it had ſeiz'd the *Chamber* of my *Heart*;
And there ſurpriz'd the *Virgin* of *Content*
that ne'r knew *Love* before or *Detriment*:
The *Bee* ſo loves her *Sting*, yet doth not know,
miſtaking thus where ſhe hath hurt or no.

Then when with ſighs and tears I ſtrive to kill,
the raging heat, they but augment my ill.
The more I breath, the more the Flames aſpire
Love turns my heart to Oyl to Feed the fire;
And when to you my Griefs I would impart,
Fear ties my Tongue, and Love Enthrals my Heart.

Licence my love *Oſtella* then, and give
A Cure to that, els muſt not hope to live,
Nor glory in this conquer'd heart of mine,
Pitty will make your Beauty more Divine.
Soften your Heart like mine that dotes on you,
or teach *me* how to make *mine Marble* too.

Returning to my Chamber at night to the Taper.

HEnce *Feeble light*, I will not have thee burn
near me, go and attend ſome needy *Vrn*,
Vntil 'its *Damp* undo thee I retain
a ſtronger *Flame* in my *Oſtella's* name;
Which *Fate* cannot expire, not yet the Breath
of *Furies* which hate *Light*, nor envious *Death*.
It is a virtuous flame, and ſhall aſpire
to *Heaven*, when the whole world ſpeaks but One *Fire*.
Wilt not henceh Hw officious do'ſt thou grow,
I've known the time *Thou* would'ſt not ſerve me ſo,
E're this time of thy ſelf thou haſt gone out,
when I did need *Thee* moſt, thou went'ſt about
To help me leaſt, go weep thy ſelf away,
I want thee not, 'tis madneſſe to burn day:
This ſervice is not welcome, then begon:
there are more ways to waſt thy ſelf upon

Than

Than by thy tedious waiting, and pretence
of ſervice, to become a meer offence:
It were more *Charity* to watch the *Dead*,
the thought of *Love* ſhall light my *Soul* to *Bed*.

To Love.

IT is no marvel, *Love* thou liv'ſt ſo long,
and though exactly *Old*, art perfect *Young*;
To all mens ſenſe thou hadſt *conſum'd* and *di'd*,
had not our kinder heat thy want ſuppli'd.
Thou doſt extract thy *Comfort* from our *Hearts*;
our *Feebleneſs* thy *Nutriment* imparts:
Thou ſuck'ſt us dry, and leav'ſt us ne're a *Vein*
unſearch'd, that may thy *Youth* and *Pride* maintain
At their luxurious height, In that poor *we*
are tortur'd ſev'ral ways to nouriſh *Thee*:
And yet thou (cruel) ne're art ſatisfi'd,
but to ſupport *thine* doth our *States* divide.
By weak'ning us, thou do'ſt renew thy ſtrength;
by ſhortning of our lives *thine* receive length.
Thou tak'ſt thy *Beauty* from our *Cheeks*; thy *Youth*
from *ours*; and thy *Decrees* are from our *Truth*
Originally fram'd; though young, art ſage,
and *Thou* deriv'ſt thy *Youth* from others *Age*.
Sure thou extract'ſt the very *Quinteſence*
of *Life* from *Hearts*, for *Mine* left me long ſince.
After this rate *Thou* may'ſt for ever live,
ſince *Our* decaying's *Thy Preſervative*.

To Oſtella's *Brother.*

IT is not now, as when my *Soul* was free,
and could contract my time to *Mirth* and *Thee*;

Meet the lov'd *Sack* with lips as reſolute,
as Merchants in the heat of their purſuit,
Of th' Virtue on't, when our exacter taſte
to make their *Wits* ſecure, *Our* own did *waſt*;
When our Succeeding Cups, did Muſick ſend
through eithers ear, in health to eithers friend:
When, our Comptrolleſs, Mirth her *Voice* did fit,
and laugh'd ev'n Melancholly out on's Wit;
When ev'ry Brow was clear, and ev'ry Heart
unthrall'd, ſhew'd Friendſhips Concord without *Art*:
Then was the time of times! But now (alas)
I have not ſo much Heart will break a *Glaſſe*
My *Soul* is out of *tune* as well as I,
I'm a meer *Eunuch* to *Society*;
Fly all things but my *Paſſion*, and do ſtalk
along the *Thames* ſides Melancholly walk,
As though I meant a Wedding with the Willow,
bidding adue to *Sack*, *Mirth*, and *Boon-fellows*.
This was thy fault then blame thy ſelf not me:
had I ne're ſeen thy *Siſter*, I had been I.
This is a *Metamorphoſe*, as true,
as *Ovid* ere in's ſtrength of *Fancy drew*.

Oſtella *viſiting me in time of Sickneſſe*.

BLeſt be that Tongue that whiſper'd in your *Ear*,
my Sickneſſe: Heaven did ſurely ſend you here,
Upon ſome *Angels* Wing to give repoſe
to my Diſtracted *Thoughts*, this *Pitty* ſhews
You are ally'd to *Heaven*, I was but now,
cold as the *Morning Air*, or *Deaths* chill Brow:
And now a ſoft *Heat* ſteals through ev'ry *Vein*,
and warms my *Heart*, thus you revive the *Slain*,

The

The Dark *Cimmerian* that hath ſeal'd his eyes
up in continuall ſleep, would rouze and riſe
To bleſſe this happy *Omen*, ſo from far
the *Kings* rejoic'd when as the Eaſtern *Star*
Appeard to them; like Comfort *You* do bring:
for when good *Works* are done *Angels* do ſing.

My Scorn to Cupid, *or* Cupid *ungodded.*

A God! ſome jugling Gypſies Brat
that ſilly People wonder at,
Whoſe faiths thou haſt abuſ'd with lies;
And fortune-telling ſopperies.
No more aſſume the title God
that fitter art to have the Rod:
But uſe thy *Quiver* and thy *Bow*,
to kill *Iack-Daws*, or fright the *Crow*,
Nor boaſt thy *Parentage* or *Power*
th'aſt loſt thy *Godhead* in one hour.
Henceforth in ſcorn thy *Figure* ſhall,
be plac'd on ev'ry *Potters* Stall.
Or on the Teſter of ſome Bed;
thy *Altar* be ſome *Cup-boards* head,
No fumes of *Sacrifice* ſhall riſe,
leſs from the Miſts of Childrens eys;
When in their Play they *Ruine Thee*,
and thou the *Sacrificed* be.
No, No, thou ſhalt abuſe no more
our *Faiths*, with thy huge *Deeds* of *Yore*,
Fame lies to prate ſo much of thee;
could'ſt thou ſo great a *Conquerour* be,
Or'e *Gods* themſelves, and now want'ſt wit,
ſufficient *Power*, and *Strength* to hit

A *Heart* of *Fleſh*, and not of *Flint*?
odd's death, I think the Divels in't.

Loves melancholly.

I Live in th' World, but how? in ſuch deep Woe,
as though I were not made 'its joys to know:
I eat, yet feed not; from the choiſeſt food,
I can't extract that goodneſs doth me good.
I drink, and often, ſtill my *Sorrow's* dry,
and to chaſe ſadneſs keep much company.
Them I diſturb; for when their Mirth flies high,
damp't with a fit I break Society.
Retir'd vnto my Chamber, I converſe
with ſome known Author either Proſe or verſe;
In my Survey, if any joys I find,
conferr'd on any, I am ſtrucken Blind;
If any Mans hard *Fate* be queintly ſhewn,
I ſtraight Compare his *Torments* with mine own;
And finding mine exceed, leave off to Read,
the *Weight* of *Sorrow*, bears me to my *Bed*:
There if I ſleep my troubled *Soul* doth *Walk*,
and juſt as *Mad-men* uſe, to 'its ſelf doth talk.
Awake, my *Fancy* wanders too and fro,
as though I knew not where to reſt or go.
In ſuch diſtracted Paſſions I am thrown,
I'm neither well in Publick nor alone:
I'm young and apt for Pleaſure ſingle too,
Objects enough that may my fancy Wooe,
And yet not *Helens* Beauty can delight
my eye or raiſe in me an appetite:
Nor is this Miracle I do impart,
And yet I breath, live, move, without a heart.

Oſtella's

Oſtella's *Scorn*.

HAd I not Lov'd thee *Cruel fair*,
thou had'ſt not priz'd *thy ſelf* ſo high:
And *thou* had'ſt miſt the *title Rare*,
had'ſt not receiv'd it from *My* eye.

The *Flames* that from my *Heart* did riſe,
wrought by the fuell of *Deſire*,
To ſeek the Glory of thy eyes
hath raiſ'd in others breſts a fire.

And *I* that firſt did blaze thy *Name*,
that long before Obſcured lay,
Am left Conſuming in my Flame
whilſt others *Pitty* find their *Pay*.

Thus by my *Love*, thou wert made *Great*,
and by thy *Pride* my *Hearts* caſt down,
Ingratitude is the worſt *Cheat*,
and Prides more infamous then *Clown*.
But oh fond *Love*, thou didſt my *Pen* ſubborn
to make her *Proud*, now *Pride* doth make her *Scorn*.

To Oſtella.

VVOuld'ſt thou live, and have thy Name,
ſtand glorious in the eys of Men,
And fixt above the common aym,
make thy Sex Emulate thy Fame.

And Treaſur'd up in *Story* be
an ever-living *Fame* to them?

Or would'ſt thou to example thee,
raiſe *Flames* in all Poſterity?

Then let thy *Lenity* reſeat
My Heart, late Captiv'd by thy power;
Raiſe it, to make thy own more Great:
they beſt can ſave that can Defeat.
So *Caſar*'s ſetting up of *Pompey*'s Name,
Made his *own* ſtand ſecure with brighter *Fame*.

A Tempeſt.

HElp *Love*, or els I ſink; (for know,
he beſt can help that cauſeth Woe.)
Help then, and with thy ſmoother Palm,
the fury of my Paſſion Calm:
Succeeding tears in Billows riſe,
as there were *Seas* met in my *eyes*,
My *Sighs* united, proudly groan,
as the four Winds combin'd in one.
Hark how they roar! my *Sighs* and *Tears*
ſure have conſpir'd to tempt my *fears*.
See how they ſwell! now they are met,
and even a *Tempeſt* do beget:
It ſhakes my Bark, her Ribs do Crack,
and now my hopes expect a Wreck.
Help *Love* for Pity, then I pray,
ere my poor *Heart* be caſt away.

To Death.

THou Grand *Phyſitian* to a troubled Breſt,
thou that both kill'ſt, and cur'ſt, in one expreſt

Thou

Thou Terrour and thou *Comforter* no leſs
then Meſſenger of *Hell* and *Happineſſe*;
Thou Conquerour of frail *Humanity*,
who yet t'impriſoned *Souls* giv'ſt liberty.
Why come not I within the benefit,
of thy *Decree*? thy lingring doth beget
My Jealouſie: ſay, for my life to me
is hatefuller then thy *Grim* ſhape can be.
In ev'ry *Street* Mortality appears,
and yet I live though drowned in my *Tears*;
Kill me, and make me happy in my *Death*,
that living draw but diſcontented Breath.
I thus invok'd in Wrath, *He* made Reply
Lovers were made for *Torment* not to *Die*.

A Bird preſented to Oſtella.

FAir Bird thou art deſign'd to be
a Meſſenger from *Love* and me,
An *Embaſſy* though not ſo high
as that which from the Ark did flie
Yet ſuch as Nice *Divines* admit
and *Loves Religion* Warrants it.
Go, and thoſe ſadder Notes of thine
which ſo improv'd by *Diſcord* mine,
Unto the *Soveraign* of my *Heart*
Peal forth in a confuſed *Art*,
Sing out my *ſigh*, chatter my *Groans*:
imperfect ſpeech beſt breaks our Moans.
Strike all Hearts ſad that hers may know
How much of pitty ſhe doth ow
To mine: purſue her day, by day,
Let her not eat nor drink nor pray;

Till for her own ſafe eaſe and reſt,
her *boſom* does become thy *Neſt*,
Where if th'art Martyred by her eys,
Thou ſhalt from thence a *Phœnix* riſe.

Imagination.

HOw pleaſingly doth thy *Deceit*
inſinuate into our *Senſe*,
Where having taken up a *Seat*,
what 'tis we wiſh thou ſteal'ſt from thence,
And to thy ſelf thou form'it the *Shape*
which repreſented to the Mind,
Doth on its Peace Commit a Rape,
leaving our Fancy unconfin'd:
That time that for our *Reſt* is lent
imploy'd our thoughts awake to keep,
Is priz'd to be the ſweeteſt ſpent,
although it doth exile our *Sleep*:
What Numerous Joys do'ſt thou beget
to flatter each inclining thought,
As ſeem t'exceed the *Appetite*,
whoſe ſubtilty the *Wonder* wrought!
But (oh) the falſeneſſe of thy Charms,
that ſuch bewitching joys prepare,
That when we think th'are in our Arms,
Ixion like, we graſp the *Air*.

Oſtella *ſaying ſhe pittied me, but could not help me.*

PItty without *Relief* is juſt
one on a ſleeveleſſe *Errand* ſent:

That

That wanting what ſhould Shape his truſt
returns more ſimple than he went.
For, *Naked Pitty* brings but Cold
and heartleſs Comfort on his *back*,
It onely guilds the grief is told
and make us worſe in what we lack.
Compaſſion bears a *Senſe* with *it*,
as though it felt th' afflicted'ſt Grief,
Loves Meſſenger it's tearmed fit,
It never comes without relief.
But th'Pitty that proceeds from you,
adorns my *Temples* and my *Eyes*
With Wreaths of *Roſes* mixt with *Rue*,
deckt onely up for *Sacrifice*,
And in the ſweetneſſe of that breath
You do but *Muſick* forth my Death.

Reaſon.

REaſon and I long time known friends,
in all things did comply,
Till ſuddenly for unknown ends
It ſhun'd my company:

And whatſoe're I ſaid or did,
It ſtill did flie the *Senſe*,
As though ſome Sophiſtry lay hid,
Or Errour came from thence.

At laſt admiring at the Cauſe
of its ſo ſtrange Neglect,
I Conjur'd it by it's own Laws,
to yield me more reſpect:

And to reſolve me ſpeedily
why *We* at difference were,
Since firſt a ſolemn League did tie
us, to a *Senſe* more fair,
Knowing *I* was in *Love*, it anſwered *me*,
Reaſon and *Madmen* never could *agree*.

Oſtella *ſaying, ſhe would not ſay ſhe did, could, nor would not Love me.*

I'm wrapt in ſuch a Miſt, *Reaſons* cleer light
can't lead me through loſt betwixt; *Day* and *Night*:
'Twixt *Doubt* and *Joy* my faculties do riſe,
and War with in me, and my ſenſe diſpiſe,
One while I'm lifted to the *Throne* of *Bliſſe*,
ſtraight Ponierd by my *Fears* and ſtruck to th' Abiſs.
Now I am ſinking, now, I *Tryton* like
ride on the Neck of Danger and do ſtrike
With my ſtrong *hopes* my *fears* into the *Main*;
now I'm a *Prince*, and now a *Slave* again.
And thus my fainting *joy* 'twixt *hope* and *fear*,
doth Ebb, and Flow, now Wing'd, now Clog'd, in th' Air,
Mockt with the *ſhadow* of thy *Love*, which I
ſeeking to catch at, my purſuit doth flie.
Why did'ſt not ſay, thou did'ſt not, nor could'ſt Love me?
but thoſe are ſpoken plain enough to move me:
Yet why that nimble cloſe then? though thou could'ſt not
to *ſweeten* it thou would'ſt not ſay thou *would'ſt* not?
If thou nor do'ſt, nor canſt, what hope can I
aſſume thou ever wilt? *oh Deſtiny*!
So flattering *Oracles* did tell *Mens* fate
and yet in th' *Miſtery* conceal'd their *hate*.

To Oſtella *my Choice.*

I Would not Wed the *Creature* that deſires
to know the ſecrets of the Marriage Bed,
And to repell the fury of her fires,
forſooth in all haſte muſt be Married.

Nor ſhe who by her Parents Cruelty
is made to loath her ſelf, and cares not how
Shee is beſtow'd to *Joy* or *Miſery*,
ne're minding Love nor marrriage ſtrickt vow.

Nor *ſhe* that hath to any been a *Stale*,
and now with frantick Reſolution ſwears,
The next that comes to Court her ſhal prevail:
Oh ſuch a Piece would lug *Love* by the Ears.

Nor ſhe that would be Wed to be made fine,
thinking *Content* ſhould her *Attendant* be,
Beleeving not to want what ere was mine:
faith ſuch a Piece doth love her *ſelf* not me.

Nor your half-Matron of ſome thirty five,
whoſe in good *law*, and *goodjooths* have worn out
Her lips and teeth, whoſe Heart is but a Sive,
as faſt as Love creeps in, it goeth out.

Nor the *Green-piece* that weds for the *Ring* ſake,
and other pritty things belonging to't
That man that hath her muſt her *Babies* make,
and have a *fool* and thouſand *Plagues* to boot,

Nor yet the ſerious Soul that doth imploy
her whole day at her Work, or pries into
The Cooks affairs, in her there is ſmall joy:
Shee'l Love me when ſh'as nothing elſe to do.

Now, ſome will ſay I can't find ſuch a *one*
that are from one or all theſe follies free
To ſuch I anſwer, that they are unknown
unto thy Worth and ignorant of *Thee*.

Oſtella *Confeſſing* She *loved* Me.

A Bleſt confeſſion, for which expect
(though you have juſtly merited Neglect
From *Love* and *me*,) an *Abſolution* for
all your paſt ills againſt us, ſince that War
Brought on this happy Peace, This Truce doth give
me more than hope, aſsurance I ſhall live,
Nay live to joy in *You* the onely ſum
of all my hopes, from whence my *Bliſſe* muſt come.
The *Gods* will recompence you for this *Deed*,
And amplifie your Glory in your *Seed*;
But I admire you hold me in ſuſpence
ſo long, knowing my *Loves* pure innocence;
That though with *Love* I ſeem'd to be all fire,
yet was a *Stoick* to impure deſire;
But I have found the *Reaſon*, and you know it,
The cleerneſſe of this *Truth* doth plainly ſhew it,
" The longer growth *Diſeaſes* do indure,
" The more the Grief, more famous is the *Cure*;
So from your Patients Tortour you would raiſe
an *honour*, and by Curing him, a *praiſe*.
And by that *weakneſſe* I'm more *hearty* grown
Than if my *Strength* had never *Weakneſſe* known.

'Twa

'Twas pretty Policy which I commend,
that *Sorrow's* ſweetn'd that doth find an End.
Your Anſwers pli'de me as you'd beat back fire
not to ſuppreſs the Flame, but raiſe it higher.

Oſtella *asking why:* I loved Her.

NOt becauſe thy face is fair,
though the Colours be thine own,
and their Paralel unknown:
Nor for all thy *All* that's rare,
Which perhaps others may prize
Leſs, than I Idolatrize.

Nor for that th'art perfect good,
which few of your *Sex* can claim
as a *title* to their *Name*;
Or a *ſweetneſſe* to their *blood*.
This to others to may ſeem
Not ſo *great* as I eſteem.

No, nor for thy *love* to me,
though *it* ſtrongly may perſwade,
and my *Manhood* much invade.
In *this* none can judge of thee
But my ſelf, to which i'le ſwear,
Never *Turtle* lov'd more deer.

Yet I love thee and pray why?
in *Obedience* to my *Fate*,
I ſhould *love* though thou didſt *hate*:
Yet I would not have *thee* try.

This

This *Womans* Reaſon Ile give you
troth *I love you cauſe* I *do*,

The Nut to Oſtella.

THou haſt my *Heart* and I have *thine*
a bleſt Exchange is this!
They ſeem to part, yet ne'r diſ join.
and when they meet they kiſſe.

Though they in ſeverall Beds do lie
two Rooms do not them ſevere,
So that they may with ſafetie flie
and mingle *bliſſe* together,

My *Heart* breaths freſhneſſe on thy *Roſe*
that elſe would droop and wither
My *Breſt* had wanted its *repoſe*
had not thy *Heart* come hither.

Replanted *Plants* do proſper ſo,
in other *Soils* far better
Then in the firſt, and ours do ſhew
to'th *Gods* we're each a *Debtor*.

Oh may my *Heart* ſo thrive with *thee*
and *thine* with *me* ſo dwel,
That *they* may knit and ſeem to be
two *Kernels* in one *ſhell*.

To

To Oſtella.

I Sent my Heart ev'n as my Child to thee,
to be brought up, as thine ſhall be with me:
Be careful of't as th'Apple of thy eye,
ſo ſhall I be of thine, or may I die,
Let mine not *ſorrow*, I ſhall comfort thine;
in this we prove our Amity Divine.
But if mine droops, thine holds not up the head;
as mine doth fare, thine ſhall be cheriſhed.
Mine's of a ſoftly Nature, and may be
wound like a twig, ev'n any way by thee.
But thine more ſtubborn was, until in tears
I bath'd it ſupple, ev'n with Cares and Fears:
It would not ſtoop: But *Heaven* to Crown the end
of my ſad toyl, at laſt, did make it bend.
And now it proves a greater joy to me;
than did mine own before it came to thee.

The *FACTION*,
To Oſtella.

BEauty glorious as the Light
that unveils the face of Day;
Think it is her proper Right,
that all Hearts ſhould *her* obey:
And in Competition ſtands
with *All-Conquering Love*, who try
By *eithers* power which moſt Commands,
and beſt deſerves the *Diety*.
Loves inviting oylie words
on his party many gain.

Beauties beams wound worſe than ſwords,
ſtrongly do her ſide maintain.
Eithers ſtrength 'ginning to waſte
ſtreight they unto *Reaſon* fly,
Who well ſeaſon'd bids them taſte
of this ſharp Antipathy,
Love not linckt to *Beauties Rays*
is Majeſty in diſguiſe
And looſeth its reverent praiſe
'cauſe 'tis clouded from our eyes;
Beauty without *Love* declines
as the Heart that wanteth heat,
Or the Flowr that droops and pines,
when the *Sun* ſhould it repleat:
And ſo wiſely did Decree
Love and *Beauty* ſhould agree;
And leaſt the Union ſhould undo,
ſends them to reſide with you.

Oſtella *asking me how I liked a painted Lady came to ſee her.*

WHy I will tell thee: Is that face her own,
ſhe makes ſo much on't, or takes't up on Loan?
I promiſe if it be ſo, ſhe doth deſerve
to have it lent again, ſhe doth preſerve
It with ſuch care, but this is jeſt. I know
ſhe is a painted cloath, a Puppet ſhow;
I muſt confeſſe when ſhe unvail'd, I ſtood
in ſuch amazement as though made of Wood:
Perhaps ſhe did conceive as much, juſt ſo
when *Perſius* did uncaſe unto his foe

Meduſa's

Meduſa's head, they were tranſform'd as I
beholding her ſtrange Metamorphoſie,
I'm ſure my Heart was Marble; I forgot
all civill manners, and ſaluted not:
I might have prejudic'd her, if I had,
kiſt off her colours, then ſhe had been mad:
And I did ow ſuch dear regard to thee,
becauſe ſhe was thy friend ſo Wiſe to be.
Shee was thy foul, *Oſtella*, for, when I,
compar'd with hers thy Native Livery,
Finding hers falſe, and ſhe to Art was more,
beholding, than *Nature* for that poor
Decaying Pride, which the leaſt Air doth vade,
I bleſt my fortune that by thee was made:
'Twere *Sin* to doubt her inſide cauſe, with thee
ſhe doth converſe the *Soul* of *Piety*.
Yet be ſhe what ſhe wil, this joyes my Heart,
Thou art the Pride of Nature not of Art.

Vpon my aſſurance of OSTELLA's *Love.*

ANd do'ſt thou Love indeed, in very deed,
Oſtella? prithee ſpeak, and yet take heed:
'Tis requiſite my Queſtion be deni'd,
leſt I do ſurfet e're I'm ſatisfi'd:
So from that *ſweet* receive my *ban*, and be
as ſlow in thanks for *Love* as *Cruelty*.
Yet be not Cruel neither, 'tis not juſt
thou ſhould'ſt be ſo, and worſe I ſhould miſtruſt
Thy ſpotleſs Faith: I would not have thee hate,
nor would I have thy *Love* become my *Fate*;
For the exceſs of each may dang'rous prove,
and ſeeking to preſerve, may ruine *Love*.

Lightning is ſwift, as ſoon it doth retire ;
let our flames ſoftly burn, and not expire,
By whoſe kind heat our hearts may warm, not burn :
there's ſafetie in't, we may outlaſt our Urn.
Tell me, do'ſt Love ? Yet do not tell me ſo :
and yet I know thou do'ſt ; for on thy Brow
I read it, 't can't be hid by all the skill
thy Art can purchaſe ; Yet delight thy will
As I ſhall mine. Anſwer me then, and prove
by Paradox, thou do'ſt not, yet do'ſt Love.

Oſtella *veiled.*

O *Stella*, thou do'ſt injûre me
by this Veil of Modeſty.
Thou the Sun of my Delight
thus obſcur'd, I am in night,
I would not ſhew thee ſweet to ſell
but to be admir'd is well ;
For from thee by others praiſe
I to my ſelf a *Trophie* raiſe,
'Tis my Pride the *World* ſhould be
in Love with thee, as thou with me :
Which adds a glory to my Fate ;
that they for thee me Emulate.
Open thy Beauty to the Day
give thy Cupids leave to Prey ;
Enflame all Hearts, make the World thine,
I have the glory thou art mine.

Ostella *shewing me Verses sent to her by a friend of mine.*

VErses to thee! is he so Love-some grown
just on a sudden, are the lines his own?
Or doth he Court by Proxy, and hath paid
dear for his wit to one whose need hath made
Him a profest Poet, that he should be
guilty of Wit, Condemns himself and me.
Miracles may chance to walk, and light on him
he's empty enough, and may receive to th'brim.
But yet why should I doubt this, since thy eye
can make a Spark a Flame in *Poetry*,
And were not I as confident of *Thee*
as Saints of *Heaven* are, a Jealousie
Would work into my Faculties, thy Love
might leave my Sphear, and in anothers move.
Women are Charm'd, when praises do perswade,
for then harmonious Spels their Ears invade.

Ostella *advising me to leave off drinking Wine.*

HOw dearest! art thou weary of thy Fame,
that thou would'st banish that preserves the same?
When I would write on th'Vigour of thy eye,
a sprightly Glasse of Sack I've standing by,
From whence my *Pen* takes life and speed; that Smile
of thine, thou ow'st to Sack for my fair Guile.
That lively Colour of thy Cheek and Lip,
from the rich Claret did my fancy sip,
And from the mantling sparks which thence arise
I Metaphor'd the Cupids in thy eyes.

From the Lov'd Grape I can create Conceit,
enough to raiſe Dejection to the Seat
Of *Honour*, 'tis the *Nepenthean* Spring
about the which the jolly *Muſes* ſing
Thy praiſes from my Verſe. Oh let me lack
all things elſe uſefull, ſo thou'lt give me Sack.
Thou maieſt as well go bid me leave to live,
as have me leave the means which life doth give:
Faith leave my *Wine*, and farewel *Poetry*,
forgetting *which* none will remember *Thee*.

To one asking how he ſhould know my Miſtreſſe.

THou maieſt know her by her dreſſe
both of body and of mind;
Where ſo many Graces preſs
as juſt *Heaven* had aſſign'd
her the *Glory* of her *Kind*.

Thou maieſt know her by the flame
which proceedeth from her eye,
But (oh) who can ſee the ſame
who can ſee it and not die:
'tis ſo full of Majeſty.

Thou maieſt know her by her Balm,
the bleſt iſſue of her breath,
Which in Paſſion is ſo calm,
it gives life inſtead of Death:
ſuch a virtuall power it hath.

Thou

Thou maieſt know her by a Heart
full of *Love* and *Conſtancy*,
More of *Pitty* then of *Art*.
but all this thou canſt not ſee,
'Leſs my *Fate* did govern theee.

My Vow to Oſtella *upon her doubting my faith.*

BEleeve me Love by thoſe fair eys,
that bleſſe the World with Light,
and to the blind give ſight;
By this chaſte kiſs, this pretious breath
That reſcu'd my poor heart from Death,
It ſtill remains thy Conquer'd prize.

By virtues ſelf enthron'd in thee:
for other Beauties wear
but th'bare figure of whats rare.
No thoughts of change diſturb my Reſt,
Whoſe heats conſume not, warm the Breſt;
there's no *Content* like *Conſtancy*.

But ſhould'ſt thou not continue mine,
as firm as when I firſt
Love in my Boſom Nurſt?
I ſhould the Baſtard baniſh thence,
(Though yet the Child of Innocence,)
and prove him humane, not Divine.

Did not thy fires preſerve my flame,
it ſhould diſperſing fly
in Sparks at ev'ry eye,

With

With Wanton Liberty ſhould range,
And ev'ry minute covet change,
'till it diſſolv'd Loves hallowed frame.

But till thy Fancy change thy Mind,
(if I without offence
may doubt ſuch Innocence,)
My Love ſhall be ſo purely free
From looſe thoughts of diſloyalty,
it ſhall teach *Turtles* to be kind.

Vpon an occaſion; to Oſtella, *Of Jealouſie.*

THe Day that's loſt e're ſcarcely ſhewn,
might rule Eternally,
Did not th'Prerogative of Night
inſinuate a Sovereignty.

The Spring and Summer cropt e're blown
with all their gaudy Train,
Might ever ſeaſon our delight,
did not intruding *Winter* Reign.

The *Sea* whoſe often Shipwracks ſtrike
a fear into the advent'rers mind
Would ſafely harbour did no *Storm*
engage its nature to the wind.

All things in goodneſs would be like
did not the ills their diff'rence ſhew
Beauty in freedome as in form,
and nature no decaying know.

Youth

Youth dwell for ever on our Cheeks,
did not the Iron hand of *Age*
Imprint a Ruine, or Diſeaſe
invade our healths, and life engage.

Man might poſſeſs as ſoon as ſeek
the Pleaſures that do ſo entice,
But his own Nature doth diſpleaſe,
elſe Earth had been a Paradiſe.

So had not cruel Love crept in,
my Heart had been from Paſſion free,
And my Content had been mine own,
Not ſlav'd to ſottiſh Jealouſie.

But *Love* hath rais'd ſuch Wars within,
they do diſturb my Peaceſull pores,
And Tyrant-like (alas) have thrown
my *Reſt* and *Quiet* out of Doors.

Oſtella *forth of Town:*
To my Heart .

HEart be Content, though ſhe be gone,
let Reaſon govern thee :
Thou haſt ſo much of Pleaſure known,
'tis fit a ſeaſon'd Miſery
ſhould temper thy Proſperity.

Abſence doth whet the Appetite,
which Preſence dull'd before,
There is no Pleaſure truly great,
nor ſweet of ſuch effectual pow'r,
'till ſeaſon'd with a little Sow'r.

He cannot truly prize Delight,
that ne'r knew Misery;
Nor deem the glory of the *Light*,
until by wanting it, he be
sensible of its purity,

Think this the time of thy lost health
which when restor'd to thee,
Ev'n from the Ruine of thy Wealth
it brings a perfect Remedy,
to double thy Felicity.

To the worst of Passions.

THou that destroi'st our Peace, giv'st Liberty
to fury, ruine; Thou grand Enemy
To man; Thou, whose unlimited pretence
deposeth Reason, and confounds our sense.
Thou, whose Tyrannick Cruelty extends
to th' separation of long linked friends,
Thou, that art all irregularity,
rash, inconsiderate, madly bold and free,
A foe to goodnesse, Author of our ill.
thou, that art Wisdoms inconsistent still.
Thou, who can boast thou ne'r wert overcome,
and slav'dst so many gallant Hearts at Rome,
Thou, that didst vanquish *Cæsar*, know *I'le* prove
greater than *He*, and Conquer *Thee* with *Love*.

The Iealous Lovers,
A Dialogue.

Thirſis.

SAy, *Daphnes* ſay, for I deſire to know
The cauſe from whence theſe ſad effects do grow:
Art thou in Love?

Dap. O yes. *Thirſis.* With whom? confeſſe.

Daph. With my Murdereſs.

Thir. Love baits on eaſie hearts; is thine ſo tame
To hugg thy Ruine, and appear his Game,
Who is the Shepherdeſs?

Dap. Doeſt ask her name?
Have not the Winds whiſper'd her Beauties fame
Through ev'ry Ear? do'ſt not obſerve each Tree
Wears on it's Breſt her name? My miſery.

Thir. Did ſhe e're love thee, *Daphnes*, ſay,

Daph. She did,

Thir. Are thoſe flames now extinguiſht, or but hid?

Daph. Extinguiſht as my Jealouſie, which made
Her leave this walk, which now appears a ſhade,
Wanting her Beams to warm it, and my Heart
Cold as the Deaths Dart.

Thir. Didſt thou abuſe her Love?

Daph. I cannot tell,
Unleſs it were by loving too too well,
Exceſſive Love, and her exceeding Grace
Supplanted Reaſon, and gave Paſſion place.

Thir. Such was my fate,

Daph. Too cruell mine,

Thir. It may be ſo,
But there is no example of my Woe.

Chorus.

Since we derive our heat both from one fire,
  let thy Heart mix with mine, and ſo Expire,
That to her Glory from us may ariſe,
  in one pure flame a double Sacrifice.

To my Thoughts.

WHen fortune flatters you, beleeve her not,
  ſhe then upon your ſafety hath a plot;
And if ſhe threaten, be the ſame you are,
  and ſeem the fulneſſe of her ſpleen to dare.
Though all the World ſhould in diviſion be
  For emptie glories, golden Slavery,
Be you united; let not their diſeaſe
  Poiſon the ſweet Contentment of your Peace.
For while you keep together, and be true
  unto your ſelves, the World cann't Conquer you.
In this y'exceed the happineſs of Kings
  arm'd ſtill againſt the Tide, and change of things.
That neither hopes of *Honour* can diſſolve,
  nor Miſery with ſad diſpair involve.
Thus be your ſelves, and tread upon the Neck
  of Danger, and diſpiſe Dame Fortunes beck.
Let her to you be held but *Air*, or *Name*,
  not worthy to deſerve from you a *Fame*.
" None is ſo worthy to be envi'd at,
  as ſuch as whoſe content is wonder'd at.
So in th' midſt of th' Worlds ſtrife and debate
  your cheerfulneſſe doth ſoar above your Hate.

To Ioy.

UNconſtant as a ſmile, uncertain as
beauty, or life, or a reflecting Glaſs.
Shorter than the dayes glory, that brings on
a tedious winters night t'exact upon
The virtue of our Patience; Or the tears
of Widdows, which but ſerve to drown their fears.
Oh had I not acquainted been with thee,
I'd been inſenſible of miſery,
And comforted my ſelf in my firſt State,
with th' thought that all men ſuffer'd the like Fate.
Better 't had been ſtill to have liv'd in Woe,
than once thy happineſſe and ſweets to know:
He that ne'r taſted of Delicious fare,
thinks his own Cates the beſt and primeſt ware;
His Water is his Wine, which he doth drink
with greater Pleaſure from the fountains brink,
Than ev'r the Epicurean Roman found,
when in variety he did abound.
Such unto whom Nature denies a ſight
can make no difference betwixt dark and light,
But to have known the day, and ſuddenly,
by ſome ſad accident deprived be
Of th' Vertue of th' ſplendour, he inward finds
a greater Torture than whom Nature blinds.
So had'ſt thou not apted my Heart for thee,
I had not found how great thy want would be.
Unkind in thy departu' , th' amorous Wind
though ſwift in courſe, doth leave a Sweet behind
On its lov'd Flowrs, but thou in taking leave
giv'ſt us a kiſs, as meaning to deceive,

Yielding us up into the hands of Grief,
whence there is ſcarce redemption or relief.
Yet while th'art with us, thou do'ſt act thy part
with ſuch delightfull and reviving Art,
That dead Hearts are ſtir'd up to life by thee,
but violent things do ſeldome laſt we ſee:
Thou art but here to day, and gone to morrow,
the Scene is paſt, now enter Tyrant *Sorrow*!

Oſtella's *Welcome to Town*.

WElcome *Oſtella* with thy Beams more bright,
Than thoſe that brought the *Chaos*, form, and Light:
Welcome, as is a timely ſeaſon'd Spring,
And the kind tokens it with it doth bring:
Welcome, as are the *Seaſons* of the Year
Unto the earth, or News unto the Ear
Of him that hath long time lain doom'd to die;
A pardons brought for his *Delivery*:
Welcome, as health to the afflicted *Senſe*,
Or wealth in its intended innocence:
Welcome, as Ranſoms to poor Captives are,
Or as deliv'rance to the Mariner:
Welcome, as peace to a Diſtracted *State*,
On which a tedious War hath quarter'd *hate*:
Welcome, as is the end to all my *fears*,
And welcome, as the Muſick of the Sphears
To a departing *Soul*, or *Angels* ſing
A Meſſage to't, which heavenly *Comfort* bring:
Welcome *my Deareſt* unto me, as *Joy*
To the *ſad Heart*, whom *Love* ſought to diſtroy.
Welcome, as is loves beſt fruition to
The longing *Souls* of them did long time Woo.

Welcome

Welcome, as is my fancy to my Pen,
When it is rich, and fit for sight of men:
Welcome, as is restored Roses to
The Cheeks, the hand of sickness would undo:
Welcome, to me thou *Sum* of earthly good:
Welcome, as honour to deserving bloud:
Welcome, as Conquest to the valiant mind:
Welcome, as Restauration to the blind:
Welcome, to me as is that holy fire
Into the Vestals Brests Heaven doth inspire:
Welcome, as is their bliss, when they resign
Their Clay to earth, and do become Divine:
Welcome, as is Divine untainted Love,
And welcome, as a blessing from above.

A Dialogue between Love and Honour.

Honour.

WHy Fli'st thou me, I never knew,
Honour was shun'd before.

Love. I've heard that none but Madmen do
thy slippery State adore.

Honour. The Gods from such they hate, conceal
the virtue of my Name,
To such they Love, they do reveal
the Glorie of my Flame.

Love. But I have known in climbing up
to reach thy Starry Crown,
That who was raised to the top,
was suddenly cast down.

Those

Honour. Thoſe had no reverence to me,
but Fortunes Wealth made great,
And they being as blind as ſhe,
did tumble from their Seat.

They did but at my Title aim,
of me were ne're poſſeſt,
And onely wore me in their Name,
and not within their Breſt.

My way unto the Stars doth lead,
where Gods do keep their Court,
Where no unhallowed foot muſt tread,
there Virtuous ſouls reſort.

Love. The Virtuous, who are they frail Man?
conceivs the proſp'rous ſo?
The Miſerable needs muſt than
have nought with it to do.

Honour. The Captive that in Dungeon lies,
if he but virtue own,
When all the world doth him deſpiſe
I'le raiſe him to a *Throne*.

Love. Then *Honour* thou, I fear'd thee much
I now from it am free,
Honour. And *Love* thy purity is ſuch,
I needs muſt honour thee.

For we are both ally'd to *Heaven*,
and from the *Gods* receive
Thoſe ſpeciall *Glories* that are given
us, to *Deſert* to give.

Chorus

Chorus.

Then let us joyn and Crown *Oſtella*'s name,
whoſe *Virtue* doth excel the *voice* of *Fame*;
That in her *choice* ſhe may ſo happy prove,
Heaven may applaud her *Merit*, and his *Love*.

Oſtella *weeping for my Impriſonment.*

WAſt not thoſe precious tears for me,
Since *Innocence* cannot be free;
They *ſin* that live at *Liberty*.

I boaſt a *freedome* more Immenſe
Than *he* that is in ev'ry *Senſe*
A Pris'ner to his *Conſcience*.

Weep not *Oſtella*; for I'm ſure
Whil'ſt thou this Paſſion do'ſt endure,
Thou rather help'ſt to *kill* than *cure*.

Should they Ecclipſe my eys the ſight
Of *Day*, and ſhut me up in *Night*.
Thoſe *eyes* muſt then afford me *Light*.

Should the *chill Earth* appointed be
My Bed, *Content* ſhould Cover me;
And I would laugh at *Miſery*.

For how can I be diſpoſſeſt
Of *ſweet Repoſe*, when in thy Breſt
My *Heart* ſecurely takes its *Reſt*.

The ruin'd *Walls* would ſeem to me
Rich as the *Tyrian*-Tapiſtry,
So they deprive me not of thee.

Should I with Bread and Water dine,
To make the Miracle Divine,
Thy *Lips* would change the *laſt* to *Wine*.

Know then *Oſtella*, I am free
In ev'ry part, enjoying *thee*,
The onely *Soul* of *Liberty*.

Oſtella *queſtioning of me concerning* Clarinda, *a former Miſtreſs*.

TWere ſin to lie, *Oſtella*, and to thee
the greateſt piece of Wilfull Treachery
That Wickedneſſe can gloze: That *ſhe* whom You
do ſtile *Clarinda*, I did own is true.
So may the *Babe* ſuck *Venom* from the Tet;
and ſo the *Dew* may blaſt the *Violet*.
Such was my *Innocence* abus'd by her:
the Wiſeſt in their Loves do ſooneſt erre.
But I, that hardly could judg *black* from *white*,
miſtook my *Day*, and wrapt my ſelf in *Night*.
The little Bees, unskil'd, ſo may in flight,
miſtake the *Roſe*, and ſuck the *Aconite*:
Shee Courted me with ſuch deſtroying tears
as th' Crocodile, or the curſt *Hinbane* wears;
And like the *Spider*, wove a curious Net
of her enticiung Hair my Heart to get;

A Bird of *Paradice* wes thought to be,
but ſhe a Bird of *Rapine* prov'd to me.
In th' Summer of my Fortunes ſhe did ſing
much like the *Swallow*; but the Winters ſting
Poys'ning my *Hopes*; ſhe, like the Licoriſh Fly,
follows the next Sweet 'til ſh' as ſuckt it dry.
The Morning dew ſo leaves the Violet,
when the *Suns prouder* Beams exhaleth it:
And this decreed *Truth* I've bought with ſmart,
that there's moſt *danger* where appears moſt *Art*.
Theſe were my Childiſh Errors, for which I
have oft diſtill'd my *Sorrow* from my eye.
The blind Man ſo in darkneſs walks, and yet
diſcerning not his want, nev'r queſtions it:
But *You* have form'd me new, and giv'n a ſight
to my dark Judgement, I know now the *Light*:
And I will prize it *Dearest* as my *Soul*,
Which thou haſt partly Cleans'd, once ſadly foul.
As by the *Suns* infuſive heat, the Earth
receives the *Virtue*, to give Gold a Birth,
Out of its ſordid Womb. So from your eys
my Heart receives the *Joys* of *Paradiſe*:
Which I was loſing. Am refined now.
by your pure *fires*: rejoycing *Angels* owe
You thanks for my reclaiming which Create
new *Joys* with *Them*, which bear a laſting Date.
Thus I'm become thy *Convert* (Dear) and will
pay all the Good I've forfeited for Ill.
Clarinda's Name ſhall like the *Shaddow* be
forgot ere Night; *Thine* to Eternity
Shall laſt. Oh I could Curſe that wretched Pen
that wrote her *mine*, the *common Stool* for Men.
May all thoſe Books as faſt as bought, have flame:
may ſhe as they Conſume, Burn with the ſame;

That so th' *infection* of her name that fils
the *earth* with *looseneſſe* and the *Air* with ills,
May die with her, and from her Grave ſhall riſe,
as from a Load of Dung, Maggots and flies.
Pardon (*Oſtella*) this unuſuall rage
wrongs hid, ſtirr'd up, in Man new Wars do wage.
Goodneſs perverted troubles a Calm *State*,
and *Love* abuſ'd grows deſperate with *hate*,
Look on me *Dear* with that *compaſſionate* Senſe
as you would on *betrayed innocence*,
Cloath'd in a *Robe of Penitence* from your eye
gratious *Oſtella* let my pardon flie.
Confeſſion and *Contrition* may win
from *Heaven* forgiveneſs for the greateſt ſin.
Your *Saint* like *temper* doth my *faith* perſwade;
Your *Mercy* can *Out-vy* the faults I made.
Deceive not then my *confidence* I am
your votury now; and in my *Heart* a Flame
Burns with *Religious Duty*, and when I
Extinguiſh it may I unpitti'd die.
The fervent *Light* ſhall ſooner leave the World,
(which through the darkeſt Roab that ore it's hurl'd
By night ſhoots forth ſome Splendor,) and the *Air*,
the holy *Veſtals* breath in *frequent Prayer*,
Become *infectious* Saints from Heaven ſhall fall
into Perdition. All now righteous ſhall
Become *Apoſtats*, and this *Globe* receive
by its own *weight* its *Tomb* and Nature leave
To Propogate her kind ev'r my *Faith* waſteth
for know *Oſtella Love* 'bove *Nature* laſteth,

To Oſtella *upon her Reproving me and Councelling me from ſome Inconveneiences.*

THe Breath of *Winter* that doth Curd the Earth
to give the *Seaſon* free and timely Birth
Comes not ſo ſharply violent as this,
from you to me, 't hath nipt the budding *Bliſſe*
In me, your *Beams* of *Goodneſſe* cheriſht. *All*
the *Comforts* I receiv'd from this *ſweet Gall*
Is this, that I to You may be more *Pure*,
you *pierce* my *Heart* to make a way for *Cure*;
It is a *ſtinging Salve*, a *tickling Smart*,
a pleaſing *Potion*, that doth turn my *Heart*
Into faint *Qualms*, to clear and ſet it *right*,
a bitter Prologue to a *ſweet Delight*.
A ſharp *Reproof* brings *Mercy* in the end,
ſo *Iudges Chide* when *Pardon* they intend.
Unskilfull *Surgeons* may the *Vlcerous place*
make, by *falſe Applications* in *worſe caſe*
And when they ſee the Vertue of their *Skill*
extends not to a *Cure*, make haſt to *Kill*.
But *thou*, *Phyſitian*-like, wiſely do'ſt give
Cor'ſives where needed, and the *Lenitive*
In its due place, that the afflicted *Senſe*
may gather ſomething *Cordial* from thence.
Thy *Councel* to my *Ears* did *cruel* ſeem
but the effect on't did my *Heart* redeem,
From the looſe *humours* that were gath'ring to
a *Head*, *its* prim'tive *whiteneſſe* to undo
So *Phyſick* when *Diſeaſes* do abound,
doth make *Vs* ſharply *Sick* e're perfect *Sound*,

Muſick in the dead Seaſon of the Night.

OSTELLA hark! how ſweetly doth the ſound
of *Muſick* in our Ears reſound!
How 'tis advanced by the *Night*!
whoſe ſilence adds to the Delight,
Our *Senſes* dead as Night, are by
the *Virtue* of it's *Harmony*
Surr'd and reviv'd, who friſk and play
like wanton *Kids* in th' dawn of Day.
One Voice doth now more Comfort bring
then the whole *Quire* of *Birds* in th'*Spring*.
It comes to viſit us, like that
rare thing in Man ſo wond'red at,
Friendſhip, to ſet our *Spirits* free,
when thrall'd in *Fortunes* Slavery.

Oſtella *commanding my abſence for a time.*

REvoke that Doom, *Oſtella*, call it back,
it is ſo heavie that my *Heart* doth Crack
Under its weight; thou maieſt as well Command
my *Soul* to leave its Manſion; 't ſhall not ſtand.
How can I live, *Oſtella*, when that I
do want the vertual Influ'nce of thine eye?
Suppoſe *Oſtella*, that that glorious light
thou now enjoy'ſt by th'virtue of thy ſight
Should be hid from thee, would not th' ſudden Change
depoſe thy *Comfort*: and thy *hopes* eſtrange?
The Memory of what you once poſſeſt,
Would *Tyrants like* ſtrike *Daggers* to your *Breſt* a

Danger once past bring to our Memory,
a kind of a delight when we are free:
When safely we may tell what shelves, or Rocks
compos'd for Ruine we have scap'd, what Shocks
Our Barks received by some rude Waves, and how,
we couzen'd *Ruine* of of its sport: this now
Might reassume *content*, But when we think
On our lost happinesse, our souls doth sinck
Beneath the hope of *Remedy*, or *Relief*.
nothing is then so *powerfull* as our *Grief*.
Mans Misery doth so much *more* distroy.
by how much *more* he was depriv'd his *Joy*.
And were I blind (not absent) and coul'd hear
thy voice 'twould send *Loves* harmony through my *Ear*
Unto my *Heart*, and so restore that *Sense*
that was defective: thus thy Excellence
Would so *unite* my thoughts that *discontent*
durst not approrch ne'r my *Hearts Continent*.
But so exil'd the very *sum* of Bliss
enthron'd my *soul* would prove my *Extasis*.
But 'tis your wise Apologie to say,
'tis but a fortnight you enjoin my stay:
When know each minute is an Age to one
whose Love in all transcends comparison.
How is his *heart* afflicted with the shape
of *jealous fears* when they commit a *Rape*,
Upon his *Reason*, and what he admir'd,
he now suspects; his faith almost expir'd
Thinks on his former and his present State;
examines to his own by others *Fate*,
Concludes his Mistresse glorious, then dispairs
with th' thought of his own Indigence, and in's Prayers
He weeps to think that other men may be
deserving of her *favours* more then *he*,

Minutes

Minuts produce this, what will hours do then
and days, and weeks, oh call that back again
That cruell impoſition and ſet free
my exil'd Heart 'tis ancient liberty
And I'le confeſs to me thou life do'ſt give
ſince without *thee* it is a death to live.

To Time.

THon that ev'n from thy *infancy*
natures *Surveyour* haſt been,
And with a curious ſearching eye
her choiceſt wares haſt ſeen.

As ſhe to a perfection grew
in ſtrength and skill to frame,
Thou did'ſt encreaſe in *judgement* to
commend her works to *fame*.

Tell me, for thy *Propriety*
is to diſcover *Truth*;
And not by ſubtile *Sophiſtry*
to *paint* or *blemiſh Youth*,

Did ever *Greece* or *Rome* afford
a Miſtreſs like to mine
Whoſe breath is *Balm* whoſe ev'ry Word
'ſ a *Miſtery Divine*.

And if the *Ages* paſt did ne'r
produce *her like*, then we
May with the ſelf-ſame ſafety ſwear
Her *like* ſhall never be.

A Dialogue between Nature *and* Art.

Nature.

COntend with me! *Art*, th'art too bold,
Am I not *Empreſſe* of this *Mould*?
The *Roſe* from me its *Red* receives;
The *Lilly whiteneſſe*, Trees their *Leaves*.
Am I not Former of all things,
Who give both birth and life to Kings.

Art.

The *former* true I were to blame
Not to confeſs't but know I am
Reformer and that bears a Name
As large in the expanſe of Fame
What thou in framing Careleſs wert
Is both ſuppli'd and helpt by *Art*,
The *Tawny* are made *fair* by *me*,
The *crooked* Streight as *Cedar-tree*,
The *Pale* Cheeks I ſuppli'd with *Red*,
To which thy *Roſe* doth look as dead;
And not a *Creature* comes from thee
But I can draw more Buxomly.

Nature.

By this thou ſhew'ſt thou ha'ſt the fame
To imitate but not to frame:
Canſt thou unto the *Roſe* give *ſent*;
Or breath a Vertuall Ornament
In *Flours* or *Fruit*, or *Man* or *Beaſt*,
Or yield a vitall to the leaſt?
If ſo, I'le yield my ſelf to thee,
And wee'l be friends undoubtedly.

Art.

First tell me if thou canst preserve
What thou do'st *frame*, and do not swerve
From *Reason*, *Silence* renders no;
Then be not troubled to know
I can, and by that consequence
Ought to have the prehemínence:
For *he* that can *preserve* from *Death*,
Can without *doubt give more* than *breath*:
The *Rose* and *Lilly* I can keep
Fresh as in *June*, from Death or sleep:
And if my *Pencil* fail, my Pen
Can keep *alive* the *acts* of *men*
That *life* is nothing worth forgot
Ev'n *shadow* like where *I* am not
For *I* can do more than I've said,
By powerfull verse revive the dead.

Nature. Then *Art.*

Art. Then *Nature.*

Both. Let's oh let 's agree,
And keep alive *Ostella's* Memory,
That whereso ev'r *Nature* and *Art* doth Reil,
Ostella may with Glory be exprest.

To Ostella *upon her saying she wonder'd how one* S. B. *got into preferment, and not I.*

HE is not worth your Wonder, what in Place
he is? Plusht to the Ears, dawb'd o're with *Lace*.
His fingers some superfluous *Diamonds* wear,
at which the Drawers and the Fidlers Stare.
His *Ladies Chamber Maids* perhaps do take
upon them much *his Love* for his *Stones* sake.

Ne'r

Ne'r *wonder* how the *ſlave* his *Tallent* imps,
let him be damn'd, he 's one of *Fortunes Pimps*.

To Oſtella, *commending meekneſſe of Spirit.*

IT is not *ſafe* to be *too ſoft* of *Spirit*,
a ſottiſh patience hath a *Cowards* Merit:
It gives occaſion many times to ill,
and Cruell Natures, whoſe harſh Cuſtome ſtill
Seeks not out whom deſerves, but who will bear,
the moſt, to wrong the eaſie *hearted Hair*,
It draws on injuries, with *Promethean* hearts
repell with flames of *courage*, the *Minds Darts*;
This is a Maxime we ought all to know,
he that will bear the *weight* ſha'nt want the *Wo*,
All that's beſotted to his *fear* or *eaſe*,
doth make his *Patience* prove his worſt *diſeaſe*.

The Swallow.

MArk *Oſtella* when the *Spring*,
hath diſſolv'd the *froſty* King,
And reſeats her ſelf on *Earth*;
giving *Flow'rs* and *Plants* a *Birth*;
When the glorious *Sun* doth ſhine
full of *heat* as doth thy *eyn*,
When the feather'd *Songſters* do
ſeem the *Princely maid* to Woo,
Then, oh then, to us will come
to our Cottage to our home
An amorous gueſt, who will ſalute
you from the chimney top with Flute.

Like Notes; when you leaſt need the ſame
to ſing to you 'twill be *on 'lame.*
But when the tedious *Winters* night
comes on, that wants both *heat* and *light,*
And that his pretty muſick may
with *pleaſure* paſs the time away,
Which elſe perhaps might ſadneſſe bring;
your *Gueſs* is *hoarſe* and cannot *ſing*
Acquaintance ſo leaves *Men* in *Miſery,*
who did adore him in *Proſperity.*

Vpon my Departure.

GIve me a parting kiſs, oh why in ſtore
kept you this *bliſs,* raviſh me with one more;
Come let my *Sighs* dry up the *Dew* doth make
thy *Roſes* to look *pale,* thy *Lillies* quake
Into cold fear, keep in thoſe *tears* a while,
for I have heard *Water* will *Diamonds* ſpoil:
Seal on my *Lips* my *licence* to *depart,*
one kiſs more and I'm gone; how ſweet thou art?
And leav'ſt behind ſuch an *effectuall* power,
all *ſweets* to *thine* hereafter will be *ſour.*
Heaven ſend us happineſs to meet agen,
my lips will never ſweetneſs taſte till then;
But I muſt hence, *Fame* calls me to the *field,*
Virtue hath ſet her *Standard* up, the *Shield*
Of Honour's wav'd at me, and I muſt hence;
but what on th'ſudden doth enlarge my Senſe
Tells me I need not further go, for here
Virtue and *Honour* reſt as in their *Sphear,*
And may be purchas'd with leſs danger, (oh)
that, that, alone inflames my *Soul* to go

For

For Man conceives that *Honour* slightly bought,
that's not through *danger*, and with *hazard* sought,
I goe, but leave a sadder *heart* behind,
than e're thou mad'st it glad by being kind:
How *Reason* flies me! what brave *Act* can come
into his *hands* that leaves his *heart* at home?
But if *Ostella* thou wilt give me thine,
I by my *Flames* will make it *Masculine*,

DAPHNES.

1.

WHen as the soft wings of the *Day*
had fann'd the *Clouds* of *Night* away,
The early *Light* did soon discover
where lay the *Embleme* of a *Lover*.

2.

On a Banck *Grief* had made *Grey*:
born down with *sorrow* *Daphnes* lay;
His *Cheeks* like *Roses* ravished,
his *Lips* like *Cherries* withered.

3.

Clouds of *woe* his eyes *benight*,
swelling tears *entomb* their *sight*,
Which pursu'd like fleeting *rain*,
made each *Channel* seem a *Main*.

4.

The *Brooks* his *Sorrows* had drank dry,
repleniſht were from either *eye*.
Untill his *ſighs* made up one *Flame*
Malic'd by *Fate*, and parch'd the ſame.

5.

His many *Griefs* of *ſenſe* deprive him,
his weight of *Griefs* to *ſenſe* revive him,
That his troubl'd *Soul* would force
from a *Heart* of *Flint* remorſe.

6.

Striving with his *Fate* he riſeth,
hope of *Comfort* he deſpiſeth;
Since that bleſſed means ſhould joy him,
was converted to deſtroy him.

7.

Quoth he, you *Pow'rs* whoſe Breſt did ne'r
know Pitty, now Exhauſt a *tear*
At your own *Cruelty*, yet give,
as great a *Plague* to let me *live*.

8.

Not that one minute can revive
my *Senſe* or keep my *Heart* alive,
Dead to all joy; to you I'le pay,
my *life* for th' poor *uſe* of one *Day*.

9.

Which I will waſte as faſt as breath
to tell a *Story* e're my *Death*,

Shall

Shall out live me, and be to *Swains*
a ſad *example*: thus he plains.

10.

Before theſe ſad *Trees* were bereav'd
their *Virgin-iſſue*, and diſ-leav'd,
My *Pipe* was known to Muſick forth
Oſtella's Beauty and her *worth*.

11.

Oſtella's! ſhe! that was the *Flame*
of ev'ry heart, whoſe bleſſed name
As though ſome *Miſtery* were hid
in it, rejoic'd each *Lamb* and *Kid*.

12.

Then *Apollo* did inſpire
with *Phœbean* touch my Lyre,
That Labouring *Bees* did from my *Laies*,
at their work rehearſe her *Praiſe*.

13.

Lovely Nut-brown was her hair;
her forehead full as ſmooth as fair;
Her eyes black, ſhot *Beams* more bright
then doth the *Empreſs* of the Night.

14.

When *Cupid* did intend to ſtray,
he made *her Cheeks* his *Roſie* way,
In whoſe *dimples* he lay hid
'till by his *Power* diſcovered.

15. Soft

15.

Soft and white as *Curds* and *Cream*
were her Limbs; as rich a *Theam*
As ere *Shepheard* choſe to write
Sonnets on, to Charm the *Night*.

16.

Young and *ſprightly* as the *Morn*
when the *Spring* doth it adorn
Active as the *vein* of *life*;
full of mercy, foe to ſtrife.

17.

Innocence and ſpotleſſe *Truth*
were the *Jewels* to her *Youth*;
That ſtainleſſe *Turtles* might envy
the glory of her *Purity*.

18.

Not a Tongue that knew her Name
but were *Heraulds* to her *Fame*,
And their *Hearts* as full of *Flame*,
each reſolv'd to win the *Game*.

19.

'Mongſt thoſe *Swains* my *ſelf* was one.
at the which brake forth a Groan,
Like the *Winds* long lockt in Earth,
cracks the Ribs e're't can have birth,

20.

He ſtood and did erect his ſight
as though his *Soul* had ta'ne her flight.

In

In that ſad *Gaole* recovering breath,
he ſeems the *Conqueroʳ of death*.

21.

And then he moans: At that bleſt time,
I had the glory to be prime,
My *Paſtures* full, my *Flock* did wear,
as rich a *wool* as any bear.

22.

Harmleſſe *mirth* did Crown the *Cell*
where my *Pipe* and I did dwell:
Which invited many a *Swain*,
that *Oſtella* hop'd to gain.

23.

There they tun'd their *Reeds* by mine
Pan's muſick ne'r was more *Divine*
Sonnets roundly paſt the throng,
ſtill *Oſtella* grac'd my *ſong*.

24.

Such as did that favour ſee,
did, yet durſt not *envy* me:
For *Love* to enjoy his *ſport*
had deſign'd my *Cell* his *Court*.

25.

When we tript it on the Green,
if *Oſtella* were but ſeen.
Not a *Shepheard* there was *Lame*
danc'd as though from Court he came.

26.

I that had ſmall *Mind to* Dance,
bequeath'd my *ſenſes* to a *Trance*;
Till from the *Godhead* of her eye,
my *Soul* receiv'd its *liberty*.

27.

Then with *meaſur'd ſpeed* I ſhew'd,
what the *Swains* in duty ow'd
To *Oſtella*; which! poor they
with their *ſtore* could never *Pay*.

28.

And then I enter'd to my *Bliſs*,
My *Guerdion* was *Oſtella*'s kiſs,
Whoſe ſtrong *fires*, as ſoon did aw
my heart, as *theirs* to ſoftneſs thaw,

29.

When I did kiſs, ſhe kiſt again,
as though ſhe would not count in vain,
Sure, Numberleſs they were, and yet
we told, and did as ſoon forget.

30.

Such ſoft kiſſes on the *Roſe*
gentle *Zephirus* beſtows:
Nor can th' early *ſun* diſcover
Chaſter *heat* from his fam'd *Lover*.

31.

Then in th' *language* of our *eyes*
we convers'd, and did ſurprize

Eithers

Eithers *Heart*, yet neither could
Boast of *Conquest* if *we* would.

32.

When I joy'd *she* was *content*,
When I moan'd she did lament,
At my *sadnesse* pin'd away,
Joylesse of her *life* a *Day*.

33.

When some *Crosse* had me molested,
it seiz'd her, her *Heart* arrested.
Did *I* look pale, the *Native red*
of her *fair Cheeks*, forsook their Bed.

34.

Nothing that I said or did,
But *Ostella* favoured,
And those *favours* I did prize
more than *Vesper Cynthia's eyes*.

35.

Were I *sick*, she lost her *health*,
my *Hearts welfare* was her *wealth*,
And my *pain*, her *pain* increas'd;
as mine *did*, so hers *decreas'd*.

36.

Thus like *Twins*, whose lives sad Date,
doth depend on eithers *Fate*,
We did live, as from one breath
we deriv'd our lives, our Death.

37.

Joys we had ev'n ſuch as made
us boaſt belief, they could not fade:
Pleaſures Phœnix like did waſte
ſtill renewed by our taſte.

38.

Turtles never could rejoice,
more in one anothers Choice:
Palms ſo proſper when together,
ſunder'd they decay and wither.

39.

Such *my* wounded *heart* receiv'd,
ſo did *hers* when as deceiv'd
By th' *credulity* we had
of our *Fate* grown too too bad.

40.

Oh 'tis dangerous to truſt,
to ſmiling fortune, ſhee's unjuſt.
For the end ſhe ſeldome ſhapes,
like th' beginning with her *Rapes*.

41.

When ſhe flatters ſhe intends
to deſtroy, and hath her ends:
When ſhe threatens we have leſſe
cauſe to fear, arm'd 'gainſt diſtreſſe.

42.

Deep ſecurity we know
doth turn tail and overthrow:

Joys

Joys uncertain as our *States*:
Ours they are not, but our *Fates*.

43.

This experience I too late
bought, and at too dear a rate:
Yet the ſweetnes that I did reap
made me deem their price to cheap.

44.

We foreſaw no Pendent *Storm*
o're our heads, to *Menace harm*:
But we were of our *delight*
confident as *day* of *light*.

45.

But (oh) *Fortune* that e're while
bleſt our union with a ſmile,
Clouds her *Brow*, and with the noiſe
of ſhrill *war*, ſevers our *Joys*.

46.

Peacefull *Tempe* is become
deaf with th' jarring *Fife* and *Drum*:
Blood doth ſtein her ſnowy *Breſt*;
to our *cares*, *hope* gives no *reſt*.

47.

Ruine doth purſue our *Stocks*
ſlaughter ſeizeth on our *Flocks*,
Plenty ſuffers with *increaſe*,
baniſhment cauſe *friends* to *peace*.

48.

'Stead of *Pans* ſoft laies, our *Ears*
are inchanted with our *fears*:
And the ſurly *Cannon* knels
ſadder farewels than our *Bels*,

49.

Not a *Bird* dare keep her *bough*,
nor a *Heifer* guide the *Plough*;
Nor a *Laſſe* to *daunce*, or *run*:
all their dancing dayes are done.

50.

Thus our *Tempe* chang'd is quite:
"ſuch pow'r hath Envy o're Delight;
And ſo ſad a *place* is made,
As where *Sun* ne'r bleſt with ſhade.

51.

All our ſports are ſpoil'd, and he
now's the onely Man dares dy,
He that friezeth to the *Earth*,
he whoſe *ſcars* give life a birth.

52.

He that will not flinch his ground
till all's body be one wound,
He, He's the Man, that ſhall outlive
his *Fate*, and to *Time Trophies* give.

53.

This is that, which makes the mind
of man, as vent'rous as the wind.

Honour

Honour glorifies that breath,
that her *Champion* is, in death.

54.

Return'd with *Conqueſt* is 't not brave
One can ſay, he paſt his Grave?
Nay, the very *ſons* of *fear*,
love of glorious *Acts* to hear.

55.

I exalted with *Deſire*,
(fill'd with more than *common fire.*)
That *Oſtella*, to her Name
might have *Honour*, ſought out *fame.*

56.

See my Errour, Fools ſo may
bring their *Torch-light* to the day:
For (alas) could ſhe have more
than her own worth own'd before?

57.

"Great things many times ariſe
from ſmall beginnings, be men wiſe:
Acts I 've read in *Honour's* Story
'gun with danger, end with glory.

58.

Theſe great hopes made many a *Swain*,
to forſake his er'ſt lov'd *Plain*,
To lay Hook, and Tarbox by,
And with a ſword their room ſupply.

When

59.

When ſo many Ladds do roam
'twere Cowardize to ſtay at home:
And my thoughts did ſoar as high
as the proudeſt *Shepheards* eye.

60.

But *Oſtella*! ſhe that knew
no other *Bliſſe* than what ſhe drew
From me, (alas) and I. that ne're
drew breath, but from her Sovereign air.

61.

She (alas) could not diſpenſe
with my ſo ſoon parting thence.
Sorrow'd, then adviſ'd, quoth ſhe,
thy parting ſure will murther me.

62.

My life doth depend on thine
as I hope thine doth on mine:
Should Death ſeize thy nobler part
alas, alas, where were my heart.

63

Ne're like cruelty was ſhown
when two lives are loſt in one.
And with that her ſad heart tries
to have paſsage through her eys.

64.

Then I kiſt, to ſtop that grief,
Mine did need as much relief:

As

As we ſought to Cure each other
Sorrow did our *Comfort* ſmother.

65.

Her eyes over-flowing ſhowres,
might have drowned her Cheeks Flowers,
Had not my ſighs dry'd up thoſe tears,
then each Roſie-Bank appears.

66.

United to her *Senſe*, at laſt
quoth ſhe, why doſt thou make ſuch haſt
To thy own ſad Fate and mine,
what have I that is not thine.

67.

Or what can there be more dear,
to thy ſelf, than thou haſt here?
Love no other *prize* regards
than it ſelf, it, it, rewards.

68.

Sure I am thou once did'ſt prize
no prize dearer than my eyes:
Thoſe thy worth hath made thy own,
can'ſt thou leave thy joys ſo ſoon?

69.

Thou by hazarding thy life
mak'ſt me Widdow e're a Wife.
Such keen fears my heart do gore,
that I ne're ſhall ſee *thee* more.

70.

But, (alas) I ſadly doubt
that thy flame of *Love* is out:
Fires that fiercely burn do waſte
e're they warm, ſuch was thy haſte.

71.

Blame me not, my Love is ſuch,
that it cannot fear too much.
Love is ſubject to ſuſpect
where it finds the leaſt neglect.

72.

And as apt is to believe
things which many times deceive,
Confidence (alone) betrayes
like a *Theef*, us from our ways.

73.

Soft *ſuſpicion* keeps the Road
brings us ſafe to our aboad:
'Tis a *Lecture Love* doth read
that *credulity*'s the fools *Creed*.

74.

If I erre in doubting *thee*
'tis a pleaſing fault in *me*.
And a joy to be deceiv'd
when my *fears* are not believ'd.

75.

But to think that thou wilt go
re-aſſumes again freſh *woe*

But thy *will* diſpoſeth *mine*,
I'le refer my *good* to *thine*.

76.

Fain my *heart* would give *conſent*,
that thou might'ſt receive *Content*:
But my *fears* do check my *will*;
'tis thus *Love Paſſions* Combat ſtill.

77.

When I would ſay go, my Tongue
Tels me I would do thee wrong.
If ſtay, I ſhould Cloud that fame
might Eternize thy Lov'd Name.

78.

Thus poor *heart* Her *love* Contends
with her *reaſon* who pretends
A claim to *love* and now *agree*
onely for the good of *me*.

79.

And at laſt, as though ſhe meant
to breath her laſt ſhe ſpake *conſent*
Go, and what *Fate* follows *thee*,
aſsure thy *ſelf* ſhall govern *me*.

80.

We kiſt, and parted. Oh (quoth ſhe)
ne're ſhall this be tan'e from me,
'Till *Deaths* rude Lips raviſh it,
or thy *breath* revive the heat.

81.

With ſuch *ſadneſſe* the lov'd *Vine*
diveſted of its *pride* doth *pine*.

Birds ſo feel the ſenſe of ſmart
when they and their *Summer* part.

82.

Our *Hearts* with *grief* like veſſels grow,
ſo full they cannot vent their Woe.
Who could part with ſo much *Bliſſe*
on ſuch *cruel tears* as this.

83.

But the *Will* of *Fate* muſt be
obeyd, none flies his Diſtiny;
And my *thoughts* purſu'd the worſt,
that *Heavens* Anger ever curſt.

84.

Parting my promoting hope
gives my mind a glorious ſcope,
And preſents ſuch ſhapes of joy,
that my former *Griefs* deſtroy.

85.

Loves forgot, and now I crave
either *Honour*, or a *Grave*:
Fortune hears my wiſh, and ſhews
that ſhe muſt be won with blows.

86.

No attempt I leave unſought,
danger hold a thing of nought,
Which I ſpurn, and take a Pride
in the Bloud falls from my ſide.

87.

Courage makes that wound a ſcratch;
Streight at *Honours* lock I ſnatch;
For unleſſe I have another,
that ſame *wound* doth want a Brother.

88.

Which I win from the ſtern foe
as my *Heart* had will'd it ſo.
All the prize in this I gat,
was th' honour to be envy'd at.

89.

In the heat of theſe ſad Wars
fame to breed at home freſh jars,
Id'ly rumour'd of my Death,
which was ta'ne by ev'ry breath.

90.

Not a Laſſe, but did give o're
their mirth, and my ſad loſs deplore:
And the home-kept Lads do ſtrike
Paſſions *Diſcord* much alike.

91.

This *Oſtella*'s mother hears,
ſweeter Muſick to her Ears
Never came from Brook or Dale,
but ſhe fear'd 'twas but a Tale.

92.

While I abſent was, there came
A Shepheard great in Purſe and Name;

Who ſollicited my Dear
breathing *Poiſon* through her Ear.

93.

But ſhe long before had ta'ne
an *Antidote* againſt that *bane*,
As *fervent* was her *flames* to *me*
as the *light* to *Day* can be.

94.

But her *cruel* Breſted *Mother*
long had practiſ'd how to ſmother
Her *old flames*, and to inveſt
new thoughts where mine were poſſeſt.

95.

Now again aſſaults the *Prize*,
and withall the ſubtilties
Mothers power, or *Womans skill*
can invent, ſhe tempts her *ill*.

96.

Twits her with her *duty* then,
tells the *choice* ſhe'ad made of *Men*
The very beſt, rich of *cleer blood*
what he wants *wealth* can make *good*.

97.

But *Oſtella* that could ne're
to ſuch *ſordid thoughts* adhere
In *Loves name* ſtands to her *guard*
and her *conſtancie*'s her *ward*.

Though

98.

Though in th' conflict *Nature* ſtrove
to defeat the *force* of *love*,
Yet her thoughts bring freſh *ſupplies*,
arm'd againſt all *Batteries*.

99.

Which when her ſpleenfull mother ſaw,
nor fair means win, nor threatning aw,
Knels my Death, as though from thence
ſhe might Warrant her offence.

100.

But *Oſtella* th'trueſt made
that e're at *Loves Altar* laid
A broken *heart*, faints and doth die
each minute, fore her Mothers eye.

101.

Now they wail, but oh too late,
they have kil'd her with my *Fate*
'Tis vain to Court or waſte their breath
ſhee's become a *Bride* for *Death*.

102.

Her bloud hath forſook her *face*
and cold *dew* uſurps the place;
In her *Agony* doth rave,
fetch my *Daphnes* from the *Grave*,

103.

Would he die unkinder be,
but hark he hath ſummon'd me,

and

And I muſt hence, you do me wrong,
in keeping me from him ſo long.

104.

Thus in *pain* poor Soul ſhe lay
with Snail-like ſpeed ſhe did decay,
And waſted like a ſlow ſoft fire,
that's dead to ſight ere't doth expire.

105.

I come (quoth ſhe) and bring with me
my Hearts unſtein'd Virginity,
Unblaſted and unpluckt ſo lay,
and ſighing ſent her ſoul away.

106.

She parted hence as pure and white
as the chaſte *Primroſe*, when no light,
Rude-hand hath crop't it, doth return
making what was its *Womb* its *Vrn*.

107.

Near this time the Wars did ceaſe,
I arriv'd with Love and Peace,
Near *Oſtella*'s home, where I
expected her Loy'd Company.

108.

But I found in ev'ry eye
Sorrows profuſe Livery:
My poor Heart was at a pauſe
doubting 't was ſome generall Cauſe.

109.

This ſad *Story* I have told,
I did hear: but oh! how cold
It ſtruck my *Heart*; there's none can gueſſe,
but ſuch whoſe Cauſe ſpeaks little leſſe.

110

This was her *Walk*, and here I'le end
my life and *Woes*, then be my friend
Good *Fate*, now thou haſt let me tell
my own *miſhaps*, ring thou my *Knell*.

Occaſional Copies upon ſeveral SUBJECTS.

To a Miſtris that told me, I could not live without her Love.

TEll me not that I *die*, or *live* by thee,
and as thou point'ſt my *Doom* ſo it muſt be:
Or that my *life*, did'ſt *thou* but *leave* to *love*,
would like a long *Diſeaſe* as weary prove:
Since he whoſe *Mind* is proof againſt his *Fate*,
makes himſelf *happie* at the worſt Eſtate,

'Tis *vanity* for *Man* to build his *Bliſs*,
On the frail favour of a *Womans* kiſs,
And moſt *un-manly* to enthral his *eye*,
When *Heaven* and *Nature* gives it *liberty*;
For womens *fancies* with their *faſhions* change,
And love for *faſhion*, to each face that's ſtrange.

I know the *humour* of thy *Sex* is ſuch,
They ne'r could value any one *thing* much,
Forſhould *thy Breſts* with conſtant *flames* be fir'd,
'Twere more than I expected, though deſir'd;

Then

Then think me not ſo fond, although I love,
But as *thou* ſteer ſt *thy courſe*, ſo *mine* ſhall move.

He that hath *Wealth* and can that *Wealth* forgo,
is his own *man*, not ſlav'd to any *wo*,
So arm'd with *reſolution* I am free,
and ſtill ore-comer of my *deſtiny*:
Yet know I *love*, though I can leave that *ſtate*,
he beſt knows how to *love*, knows how to *hate*.

To a ſimply Coy Miſtreſs.

WHat though I did ſwear your *eye*,
had enough to take a *heart*,
Yet from *mine* I will not part.
I have read *Loves ſophiſtry*:
for know *proud*, I nere was born,
To endure your *ſexes* ſcorn.

Though I you a *Lilly* ſwore,
yet the *Violets* azur'd hue,
is for uſe more priz'd than *you*:
Nor will I thoſe *lips* adore,
ſince the *Cherries*, *trees* do bear,
Are far ſweeter than yours are.

Though I prais'd your ſwelling *Breſt*,
yet the *Grape* or *Gooſeberry*,
yeild a *juyce* more ſavoury:
Nor will I again proteſt
to an *Out-ſide*, 'till I know,
'Tis for *taſt* as well as *ſhow*.

To an imperiouſly proud Miſtreſs, ſwell'd with my Praiſes.

FRail *Beauty*, boaſt not of that *Face*,
to which I gave the perfect'ſt *Grace*:
For leaving *me*, thou muſt reſigne,
That *Glory* which I made *Divine*.
Thou art no longer *fair*, than thou art mine.

Though *Nature* might thee lovely call,
I made *thee ſuper-natural*;
Set on thy *Face* ſo pure a form,
That neither *Age*, nor *Death* by *ſtorm*,
could ever do the virtue of it harm.

Our knowing ſenſe, tels us the *Grave*,
ſhall ſwallow what e'r *Nature* gave;
Her own Philoſophy hath ſaid,
She cann't preſerve what ſhe hath made,
for which her ſelf, her ſelf ſhe doth invade.

When I that did ſuch *Beauty* give,
by the ſame pow'r can make it *live*,
My *praiſe* out-did thy Mothers *care*,
No *Art* but mine, could make thee *fair*,
the pow'r of *Love* then made my *Fancy* rare.

Prize me, I will reverſe thy *Doom*,
and bring thy ruin'd *Beauty* home
To that *Supream Felicity*,
Affection firſt conferr'd on thee:
Love me, and *live* to all *Eternity*.

Upon

Upon the acquaintance of a Gallant Gentlewoman. To my ſelf.

SHe is exactly *glorious*. On her *eye*
Lovers may read better *Philoſophie*
Than e're th' *Athenians* taught, ſhe's high in *Name*,
higher in *Beauty* than the reach of *Fame*.
But higheſt in her *Virtue*, and her *Mind*,
and yet *ſhe* wants not *Nature* to be *kind*,
But ev'n unto the meaneſt Creature *ſhe*
ſhoots *Luſtre* through a ſweet *humility*.
Shee's *great*, but yet not greater than my *Love*,
nor higher than my *Flame*; then on, and prove
The *temper* of her *Breſt*; try if it be
arm'd againſt *Love*, and his *Artillery*.
But (oh) I feel my *heart* conſume like *fire*,
that waſts it ſelf in ſeeking to *aſpire*.

Crying and Laughing.

PHelicia wept, and from her eys.
the Pearly ſhow'rs did fall
Upon her Cheeks, and ſtraight did riſe
the Sun, and drank up all.

If *Women* are ſo quaint to *cry*,
and *laugh* too in one breath,
He's mad will keep them *company*,
they'l jeer a *horſe* to *death*.

To Meritricia.

POx take your tempting *face*,
with its illuſive *grace*;
Men ought to be
arm'd 'gainſt your *Venery*,
Which pierceth *Buffe*, or *Coat of Mail*,
there's no ſuch *terrour* as your *Tail*.

I boaſt no greater *Wealth*
than that I am in *health*;
Nor would I be
in debt to *Surgery*;
For thy *Adulterate ſweets* ſo rot,
there's ſcarce a man can 'ſcape thy Pot.

Curſe on this *frail deſire*,
it ſet old *Troy* on *fire*:
Many have bin
burnt ſince for the ſame ſin:
And yet we do not dread the *flame*,
but ev'ry minute *Court* the *ſame*

Why ſhould we deem that *Fair*,
each minute wants *repair*?
Or *Colours* gay,
as often *kiſt away*?
For though *above* thou 'rt *Heaven* in *ſhew*,
he's bleſt that 'ſcapes thy *Hell below*.

To Mistress S. W.

SHoot not so fast your scorching *Beams*,
lest they do *burn* that should not *harm*:
Or like to *Fire* in its Extreams,
consume and *dy* e're scarce it's *warm*.

Yet t' be a *Martyr* to thy *Eye*,
who would not run with eager speed?
And offer up himself to die,
and at thy *Altar* freely bleed.

That *Act* alone would Crown with *Fame*
the trivial *Deeds* his Life had done,
And raise his *Soul* above his *Flame*,
whose brightness might out-brave the *Sun*,
For know he that thus *Phœnix*-like doth burn,
Must needs derive a Glory from his *Vrn*.

To Silvia

THou tak'st a wrong course to be rid of me,
void both of *Wit* and *Pollicy*.
'Tis not thy furious *hate* can do't,
and take thy *Pride* and *Scorn* to boot:
Who ever knew one angry *Flame*
the fury of another *tame*?
The youngest fire that's fiercest *blown*,
spreads *widest*, and most flame doth own.
Opposed *Winds* do fiercest blow,
and *Streams* rebated highest flow.
The more thy *Hate* seeks to suppress my *Love*,
the more it doth encrease, and stronger prove.

Those

Thoſe *things* that hardeſt are to be come by,
brave *Spirits* ſooneſt after fly:
Things that are eaſie to be bought,
are by the common People ſought.
What ever ſeeks to *ſhun* us, we
wing our *Deſire* the moſt to ſee.
What is denied us to know,
our *Inclination's* apteſt to:
When we're prohibited from *meat*,
we have the greateſt *mind* to eat;
And thus thy *hate* doth but enlarge *Deſire*,
the more repreſt, the more it doth *aſpire*.

But 'cauſe I love thee, I will ſhew to thee
an *eaſie way* t' be rid of me.
Let me firſt *Sate* my longing *Eye*
on thy *fair* Shapes diſcovery;
My hands may next *offenceleſſe Rove*,
and *wanton* in the *ſhade* of *Love*.
Then let my *Ears* receive *Content*
in *Words* that ſpeak a free *Conſent*,
From thence thou breath'ſt forth *Frankincenſe*,
to open my *obſtructed Senſe*.
Next let my *Appetite* be pleas'd,
each *Senſe* being *ſated*, I'm appeas'd.
Thus having known *All* I deſire to know,
Surfeit may ſoon effect what *Hate* would do.

To a timorouſly willing Miſtreſs.

LIke *Summer* bringing in a *Dearth*,
or *Beauty* blaſted in its Birth:
Such is thy *Love* to me, that fils
but expectation 'till it kils.

Thy

Thy Smiles no ſooner *warm* my *Heart*,
but Frowns *dart* *Death* through ev'ry *part*,
And the choice *pleaſure* of thine *eyes*
invite me but to *Tantalize*.

When thirſty *Grief* deſires to ſip
Life from the *Cherries* of thy *lip*;
The *Root* of *Life* by which they *grow*,
declares my *Death* by anſwering *No*.

Nor can I gueſs why it hath bin,
unleſſe to *love* be held a *ſin*;
If ſo, the *Gods* themſelves muſt be
in ſuch a ſort as *deep* as *We*.

Oh think not (*Deareſt*) 'tis in *vain*
to hope for *pleaſure* without *pain*;
Whil'ſt equal *Love* and *Joys* attend us,
Both *Faith* and *Silence* ſhall befriend us.

Could'ſt thou my *Heart* Anatomize,
wherein thy *perfect* *Figure* lies,
There ſhould'ſt thou *find* what neither *Fate*
nor *envious* *Time* ſhall violate,

Such Conſtant *Truth* my *Love* doth bear,
in all thy *Fortunes* I will ſhare;
And of each *Miſery* will *boaſt*,
wherein my *ſelf* ſhall *ſuffer moſt*.

Thus dare I boaſt my *Love* to thee,
beyond our frail *Humanity*:
For he whoſe *Love* tranſcendeth mine,
muſt not write *Mortal*, but *Divine*.

And ſhould thy *Cruelty* extend
this loathed *Life* of mine to end,
Th' *Arabian wonder* ſhall not die
more glorious in her *Flames* than I.

Vpon my Noble friend, Richard Lovelace *Eſquire, his being in* Holland. *An Invitation.*

A *Song*.

COme *Adonis*, come again,
what *diſtaſt* could drive thee hence,
Where ſo much *delight* did reign,
ſateing ev'n the *ſoul* of *ſenſe*?
And though thou *unkind* haſt prov'd,
never *Youth was* more belov'd.
Then lov'd *Adonis* come away,
For *Venus* brooks not thy delay.

Wert thou ſated with the *Spoil*
of ſo many *Virgins Hearts*,
And therefore didſt *change* thy Soil,
to ſeek *freſh* in other parts:
Dangers wait on *forreigns Game*,
we have *Deer* more *ſound* and *tame*.
Then lov'd *Adonis*, &c.

Phillis, fed with thy *delights*,
in thy *abſence pines* away;

And

And *Love* too hath loſt his *Rites*:
not one *Laſſe* keeps *Holi-day*.
They have chang'd their *Mirth* for *Cares*,
and do onely *ſigh* thy *Airs*.
Then lov'd *Adonis*, &c.

Elpine, in whoſe Sager Looks
thou wert wont to *take* Delight,
Hath forſook his *Drink* and *Books*,
'cauſe he cann't enjoy thy ſight,
He hath laid his *Learning* by,
'cauſe his *Wit* wants *Company*.
Then lov'd *Adonis* come away,
For *Friendſhip* brooks not thy *Delay*.

All the *Swains* that once did uſe
to converſe with *Love* and *thee*,
In the *language* of thy *Muſe*,
have forgot *Loves* Deity:
They deny to *write* a line,
and do onely talk of *thine*.
Then lov'd *Adonis* come away,
For *Friendſhip* brooks not thy *Delay*.

By thy ſweet *Alhea*'s voice
we conjure thee to return;
Or we 'l rob thee of that *choice*
in whoſe *Flames* each Heart would *burn*:
That inſpir'd by *her* and *ſack*,
ſuch Company we will not lack.
That *Poets* in the *Age* to come,
Shall write of our *Elizium*.

To a Miſtreſſe that thinks the ſight without other enjoyment is Love ſufficient.

IF thou intend'ſt onely to try
the ſilent *Courtſhip* of the eye,
Without the *ſenſe* of what is Good,
which by *Loves fires* are underſtood,
Command thoſe *Cupids* to retire,
Whoſe *Darts* are headed with *Deſire*.

Forbid the *Vnion* of our *Hands*,
each *Amorous touch* a *heat* commands:
Forbid our *Lips* to meet and melt,
where the pure *Senſe of Love* is felt;
Forbid thy *Tongue* to whiſper *love*,
That very *word* hath power to move.

Whoſe *ardent Breath* infuſed, can
raiſe *Courage* in a *dying Man*;
And through each Vein *freſh heat* reſtore,
that had been ſcar'd with *cold* before:
So from thy *Air* ſuch *Vigour* came,
It curl'd my *Heart* into a *Flame*.

Forbid thy *Cheeks* to ſhew their Spring;
forbid thy *Nightingale* to ſing;
Forbid thy *All* and ev'ry part,
to ſhew ſo much their *Miſtreſs Art*:
For 'leſs thou keep'ſt thoſe *Baits* within,
They'l tempt an *Anchorite* to ſin.

Yet ſhould thoſe *Excellencies* be
depriv'd their proper *uſe* in thee,
Men would be apt their *Faiths* to *pawn*;
th'art but a *Picture* lively drawn,
On which each rude preſumptuous *eye*
Admiring, *feaſts* as well as I.

So I confeſſe my *flames* may end,
and thou, a *Shaddow*, loſe thy *Friend*:
Unleſs my *Fancy* raiſe Conceit,
thou art my *Miſtreſs Counterfeit*.
And ſo ſurveying each fair part,
I paint her Figure in my *Heart*.

To a vertuous Lady, on whom Envy had thrown a Scandal, for which ſhe Mourned, and hung her Chamber with Blacks.

LEt not the *Sables* ſo benight your *eys*,
nor yet entomb your *Beauty* ere it dies;
Envy doth from this *Sorrow* gather *ſtrength*,
and grows more *huge* and *monſtrous* in length:
He gluts himſelf upon your *Diſcontent*,
and raiſeth from your *Sighs* his *Merriment*.
The giddy *people*, that nought underſtands,
Strangers to *Truth*, will like to *firebrands*,
Kindle a hot ſuſpicion in each other,
till they your *Honour* and your *Fame* do ſmother.
A *Stream* that may be ſtopt at the *Springs* head,
if let alone may overflow a Mead,
Nay drown a League of Earth. Now *Envy* ſings;
and t'paint his *Falſhood* like to *Truth*, he brings

Yet

This

This inference; *Sorrow doth Guilt imply,*
and your offence makes you so often die.
Then *Madam* tear those *Death-like-Sables* thence,
in th' ſtead ſet up your *Flags* of *Innocence*:
And brave *Defiance* that *Truth*'s light may be
no longer hid by *Envies Trechery.*
Thus reaſſuming your Hearts jollity,
Envie will want his *food*, ſo ſtarving die.

Spying Splendora *through a Caſement.*

'Twas late and *dark*, and yet the early Day
in her *Springs* pride, ne're ſhot a *brighter Ray*
Than met my *eyes*. So doth the *Queen* of *light*
dart through the *Ebon* Caſements of the *Night*
Her comfortable *Splendor*, to redeem
The world from *darkneſſe*, loſt in our *eſteem.*
If *You* ſhoot ſuch *Beams* through *Obſcurity*,
how full of *Glory* would your *Preſence* be?

My Friend Paul Squire.

THou *lent'ſt* me twenty ſhillings, (true) and ten,
which thou would'ſt have me *pay* thee back agen;
And for the *ſpeed* of it thou bid'ſt me *baul*,
and *borrow*, or *rob Peter* to *pay Paul.*
Rare *Chriſtian Counſel*, I commend thee now,
I'l *gang* about it, —but — *I ken not how*:
Comfort thy ſelf with *hopes*, I prithee do;
I have a Friend will do't, — I — *ken not who*;
Perhaps he's at the *Indies* with his Ware,
Conſtantinople, — or — I *know not where*:

Yet

Yet I an honeſt mind bear, thou ſeeſt then,
and thou art like t' be paid — *I — know not when,*
Take this my *Paſt* in the *Exchange* of thine;
I'm confident it is *far better Coin.*

Seeing a Lady——

OH ſhe is *fair*: Fair as the *Eaſtern Morn,*
when ſhe is pleas'd the *Summer* to adorn
With her *Springs Glory*: *Sweet* as——
Leave *begging-Muſe*, thy praiſe gains no Relief,
ſince from her *glory* I derive my *grief.*

An Occaſional Frolick to an unknown Friend.

SIr, By my life I know not what to write:
Jack Ager ſwears your *wit* is *infinite*;
As boundleſſe as his *praiſes*, or the *ſeas*,
or our ſwell'd *Cups* that Elboe-in with *theſe.*
Of ſuch a fervent *Fancy* it might win
an *Anchorite* to fall in *love* with *ſin.*
Our *Healths*, that clip *Times wings*, and ſwifter paſſe
than his *dwarffe Minutes*, or his ſpacious *glaſs*
Disburthens her big Womb of *Pigmeſands*,
to you we *dedicate*: whil'ſt our Commands
As weighty as our Liquor, ſais on's head,
that dares but hope that he can *grope to Bed.*
As our *Gorge* fils, we give our *bodies* eaſe,
and guſh forth *Floods*, as *Seas* do combat *Seas*:
That as an *Inundation* plaies its pranks,
we make the *Iordanes* to o'reflow their *Banks.*
If any Nod under fell *Morpheus* weight,
our waking *Juſtice* takes him Napping ſtraight;

And

And in Contempt we let the *Stinckard* ſink
in his own *puddle*, though we ſwim in *drink*.
To ſtand is out of uſe; to walk upright
doth ſavour too much of the *Hypocrite*.
But, like mad *Greeks*, we fight upon the knee,
'till to the *chin* in blood of *Grapes* we be,
And him we count a moſt *Herculean Aſſe*,
that wants the *Art* to multiply a *glaſſe*,
That ſo our *Opticks* may with little trouble,
take *quarts* for *pottles*, and ſee all things double.
If any ſhrink 'cauſe *money* he doth lack,
wee'l drown his *Hogſhead* in a *But* of *Sack*,
But by th' addition of my *Cups*, I feel
my *Muſe* is *drunk*, and now my *Verſes* reel;
I'm ſure they have the *Staggers*; then (*Sir*) think
what I have done *amiſs* was in my *drink*.
Your *Healths* our Healths preſerve, and hearty *Sack*
is *Belly-food*, and *Raiment* for the *Back*:
Nor want we *Muſick* to maintain the Seaſon;
our Pottle-pots do keep their *Diapazon*.
Thus much as I am *Mortal*; but the *fire*
that Courts your Knowledge of *me*, reacheth high'r,
And cannot be leſs powerfull than the *Flame*
circled *Prometheus*, till I meet the *ſame*.
I reſt, as you pleaſe to ſtile

J. T.

To a Gentlewoman that Loved me, and I not her.

DArt, dart thy *Beams* at *one* who is
a *Subject* fit to receive *fire*;
Thou ſooner mai'ſt turn me to *Ice*,
than kindle in me a *Deſire*.

The

The *Sea* may ſooner *flame* than *I*
who am a *Sea* of liquid *woe*,
Ev'n dead I am, before I die,
and my heart's Coffin'd up in *Snow*.

Loves pretious *Oyl* and Sacred *fire*,
which in the *Lamp* my breſt did *burn*,
Have left it empty, and retire
to wait upon *Oſtella*'s Urn.

That now a *Vault* it is become
and retains nought but holy *Air*,
Where Damps of *Sadneſſe* take up room,
and *Ghaſtly ſorrows* do appear.

How canſt thou then hope heat from me,
whoſe *Sorrows* like to Damps, deſtroy
All F*lames* of joy, but what may be
kindl'd by thinking of her joy.

Another upon the ſame.

NOt but thy *Beauty* may Command,
an Hoaſt of armed *Cupids* riſe,
Each with his flaming *Dart* in hand
ta'ne from the Storehouſe of thy eyes.

And having *vigour* gain'd from thence
may with huge Courage, Sword and Flame
Lay Seige to beat down my *Defence*,
inchanted by *Oſtella*'s Name.

But when they think my *faith* to ſhake,
and all their *force* and *ſtrength* do try,

They'l find it difficult, to take
a *Breſt* ſo *Mann'd* with *Conſtancy*,

A Dialogue.

1 TEll me *fair Nymph*, canſt thou love me?
2 No, 'tis a breach to *Liberty*:
I yet enjoy a *free Eſtate*,
Neither a *ſlave* to *Love* nor *Hate*.
1 Thou art miſ-inform'd in this,
For without *Love*, no *Ioy* there is.
2 Alas we know, you *Men* have *skill*,
To guild the *poyſon* of the *Pill*;
But 'tis beyond your utmoſt *Art*,
To make the *practiſe* on my *Heart*.
1 True, not in *mine*; but *his* that can
Aw ev'n the *heart* of Mighty *Pan*,
Soften the rigid *Satyres* Breſt,
And to each troubled *Soul* give *reſt*:
To *Diſcord* he can *Concord* give,
And teach *Society* to live;
For whereſoever he doth come,
The Place is made *Elizium*.
2 What place is that?
1 The place of *Reſt*,
Where *Love*'s in every *Senſe* expreſt;
There dying *Hearts* he doth revive,
And makes them All their *Cares* ſurvive.
There are no *Sighs*, nor ſign of *Tears*,
No *jealous thoughts*, nor *panting fears*.
But ſuch a laſting *Spring of Ioy*,
That *Age* nor *Death* cannot deſtroy.
Oh that I might thoſe *joys* poſſeſs!
Love me, and here thou 'lt find no leſs.

2 I would, but know not how.
1 That's fine;
Come warm thy ſofter *Palm* in mine,
Now meet a *kiſs*.
2 I'm all one flame.
1 'Tis in *Loves* pow'r to quench the ſame.
2 Say Shepherd, ſay, Canſt thou *love* me?
1 No, 'tis a *breach* to *liberty*,
2 Oh do not mock me,
1 Oh do not mock me,
2 Indeed I *love*.
1 And ſo do I.

Chorus

There's nothing like *Loves liberty*.
To which wee'l win the heart of many a *Swain*,
who knowing not his *ſweets*, their *good* refrain:
And *flinty breſted Nymphs* ſoften, till they
by our Example, learn who to *obey*.
Since *Love* hath the *inſtinctive Pow'r* alone
to tie and faſten thus *two Hearts in one*.

To——

I May revoke each *Vow* I made to thee,
without the *guilt* of *wilfull Perjury*.
I *ſwore* I'd *Wed* thee, and I meant no leſſe,
had'ſt thou but prov'd the ſame thou did'ſt *profeſs*:
But being not what thou did'ſt *ſeem* to *be*,
it were a ſin to keep my *Faith* with *thee*.
Our *Fancie*'s oft deceived by the ſight
of ſome far *Object*, ſome *exhaled Light*,

That ſeems a *Star*, but falling to the Ground,
the *falſeneſſe* of th'admired *thing* is found.
So though thou didſt miſlead my eyes, thoul't find
thy fair *illuſion* cann't my Judgement *blind*.
I 'd rather marry one reſembles *Night*,
that hath an *inward* part can make her *bright*.
For *Lapidaries* value not alone
the *make*, but ſecret *Virtue* of the *Stone*.
I care not for the whites of. Shape or Face:
a black *Heart* 's oft hid in a Chriſtall Caſe,
A Roſe, whoſe *Virgin Beauty* caſts a ſent,
paſſing through many hands, is quickly ſpent:
So is a Picture, though as neatly Limb'd
as Art could fancy, breath'd on too much dimm'd.
Sure that man then is void of *Reaſon* quite
that binds his faith unto a ſtale *delight*,
Thus *Hellen* like a Cancel'd bond I leave thee,
the Date is out, thou ſhalt no more deceive me:
For thou haſt waſted ſo thy Youthfull fires
thou canſt not thaw the Ice of my *Deſires*.
Then *Glow-worm* know, I'le not admire that light
cann't yield me *Comfort* in the froſtieſt Night.

To a Miſtreſſe that bid me make another Choice.

KNow Deareſt 't was no eaſie Art,
could have Conquer'd me:
My Breaſt was proof againſt the Dart
of any foe but thee.

And had'ſt not wounded me with ſmiles,
then Cur'd me with a kiſſe.

I had contemn'd thy *Sexes Wiles*,
as *Enemies* to *Bliſs*.

But having caught me in the *Snare*,
I cann't with eaſe return:
Had others *harms* made me beware,
I might have left to *burn*.

But greedy of my *miſery*.
I Courted ſo my *Fate*,
The *Object* ſpake all *love* to me,
but the *Effect* on't *hate*,

No Beauty but thy own ſhall make
me ſenſible of *Woe*:
For when I do the ſame forſake
I muſt my bliſs forgo.

My Heart ſhall never yield it ſelf
a priſoner but to thee;
For no reſpect to Praiſe or Pelf
ſhall bribe my Conſtancy.

When thou ſhalt from thy Throne of Bliſs
look down on my ſad Heart,
And know for whoſe dear ſake it is
appointed ſo to ſmart;

When thou ſhalt find I prize thy joy,
more than my own Content,
What heart but thine could ſo deſtroy
a heart ſo innocent.

When thou ſhalt find my *Youth* to waſte,
my *Loyalty* endure,
And I no other *Joys* do taſt
than what thy *Hate* doth *ſour*;
When thou ſhalt find I take *Delight*
in nothing, ſave in thee,
If *Pity* won't my *love* requite,
be *kind* to *murther* me.

Till when my *Soul* when 'tis moſt ſad,
ſhall find the way to ſing,
There is no *Comfort* to be had,
but what thy *Love* muſt bring.
And if thy *Glories* think it meet,
I muſt their *Martyr* be,
When *Natures Watch* hath left to beat,
Farewell fair Cruelty.

To my ſelf.

AND why *love* I the *thing* that *hates* me?
Reaſon won't admit of *this*:
Rather *prize* the *thing* that *baits* me,
there a *promiſe* is of *Bliſſe*,
Though the *effect* of it perhaps we *miſſe*.

For what appeareth good or great
to our *Eyes*, our *Hearts* ſo deem;
The *Taſte* directs the *Appetit*,
Sweets are made as We eſteem:
But *Reaſon* thral'd to *Love* who can redeem.

To the Deceiving Miſtreſs.

THine eyes ſhall be my *Stars* no more,
they have deceived me,
He madly doth his *Death* implore,
that ſeeks from them *Security.*

I
thought they had been fixt on me,
but *wand'ring Lights* they prove:
The more they are admir'd in *thee,*
the more *they* love to gad and rove.

As though they would out-vy the *Light,*
contracted to the *Day,*
Until the *Glory* of the ſight,
ſome ſimple *Hearts* like *mine* betray.

Yet boaſt not of that *cruel Art,*
that ſo *out-witted* mine:
For ſure thou ne're hadſt got my *Heart,*
had I not more than hop'd for thine.

I ſee there's *Pollicy* in *Love:*
the *ſlower* Men come on,
The *faſter* your Deſires do move,
'tis Madneſs *You* to *dote* upon.

For this ſad *Truth* I boldly tell,
Experience finds it ſuch,
That had not *I* lov'd *half* ſo *well,*
Thou hadſt not hated *me* ſo *much.*

To Cupid

Cupid to *Arms*, or th'art betraid,
there is a *Cold Complexion'd* Maid,
That teacheth to aſcribe to *Thee*
a *Deity is Hereſie*;
That thou art made of *Wood* or *Stone*,
ſet up in Fairs, admir'd by none
But *Children*, who do Idolize
thy Golden *Locks*, and ſmoother *Thighs*;
And at a ſlender rate may buy
thy *Godhead* and *Artilery*.
Cupid leſt thou ſhould'ſt not know her,
theſe are *tokens* that will ſhew her:
Her *Beams* are ſuch, though blind they ſay
thou art, thou need'ſt not *grope* thy way:
An awfull *Brow*, a piercing *Eye*,
preſaging *Signs* of *Sovereignty*.
Her *Language* ſmooth, of weighty *Senſe*,
which ſeems as fair as her pretence;
Whoſe ſpecious *Beauties* do infer,
There is no Sweetneſſe but in her.
And this aſſumes her Virtual *Breath*
hath pow'r to ſend us *Life* or *Death*:
Which will be credited by all,
and *Thou*, thy *Fame*, and *Altars* fall,
Unleſs thou doſt by *force* beat *down*
theſe riſing *Evils* 'gainſt thy *Crown*,
Arm then thy ſelf, and *thou* wilt *get*
by *wounding her* more *Praiſe* than yet
Tradition ere pil'd up for thee;
Be now *One*, or no *Deity*.

Purſue

Purſue the *Game*, and thou ſhalt prove
the force of *Beauty*, I of *Love*.

Lycoris a Raptnre.

IN vain thou ſtriv'ſt *Lycorice* to defeat
my *purpoſes*, thy *bluſhes* may retreat,
But not my *Love*, nor can they eaſie flight
paſs unpurſu'd, or ſcape the *Eagles* ſight;
Thou canſt not fly my *Love*, for it hath wings
ſwifter then *Swallows*, ſo the *Falcon* ſings,
When he hath ſeiz'd the *Dove*, and vainly ſhe
with feeble force ſtrives her poor ſelf to free.
Art thou not *mine*? did not my *Love* ſurprize,
thee and thy *Faith*, and didſt not thou deviſe;
An equal *Snare* for mine? ſince they agree,
why ſhould not *pleaſures* then at difference be?
That I do love thee, I muſt needs confeſs,
and I am confident thou thinkſt no leſs:
But he that loves to talk and not to do,
looſeth his *Time*, his *Oyl* and *Labour* too.
What man can love the thing hee'd not poſſeſs
as by his mind expreſs his willingneſs,
Who ſpares to ſpeak muſt never hope to ſpeed
The heart that ſeeks not help may ever bleed:
Who onely look's, and loves but to admire,
ſmothers his flames ere they imbrace a fire.
The *Face* is but the *Index* to invite
our *Eyes* to view the thing of more delight;
So *Painters* ſet their *peeces* forth to win
us to ſurvey their better *Works* within,
And I could be *content* with all my *heart*
to give my *judgement* on the inward part.

'Tis not the *Face* (alone) that men adore,
Love ſoftly whiſpers, 'tis for ſomething more,
And hath ſo well that *ſecret-ſweet expreſt*;
we ought to *love* that *part* amongſt the reſt.
Who values *Lorres*, but for the *Ayres* they make?
or who the *Grape* but for the *Juyces* ſake?
Who ſlaves himſelf to *love*, not to enjoy
ſurrenders up his *Freedom* for a toy.
And ſhe that out of ſimple *modeſty*
denies *Love Tenets*, can no *Lover* be.
Love anſwers *Love*, and in that *Language* beſt,
when he is truly by himſelf expreſt,
Nor put me off with ſuch your *queint delayes*,
as heretofore, to hope for *After-dayes*.
Delayes are dang'rous, and my *hopes* may be
like *Phyſick* miſ-apply'd to *poyſon* me.
What *thanks* can ſhe deſerve that ſhews us *meat*,
with this *proviſo* that we muſt not *eat*?
He muſt be *Mad-man*, or a *Fool* at leaſt,
that ſtarv's *himſelf* with hoping for a *Feaſt*.
And he recorded be a *Fool* at laſt,
that ſtayes for *Milk* until his *Stomack's* paſt.
Or ſhall againſt *Gods Benefits* repine,
and drink cold *Water* when he may have *Wine*.
What *pleaſure* can there be in this or this?
we uſe to flatter *Children* with a *kiſs*.
And ſure more *flames* do from my *heart* ariſe,
when I *ſalute* thoſe ſweet *Babies* thy *Eyes*.
Thou *ſmil'ſt*, but like the *Sun* before a *ſtorm*,
ſo violent *fires* decay ere ſcarce they warm.
Thou lett'ſt me kiſs thy hand to raiſe my flame,
then leav'ſt me to be ruin'd in the ſame.

Can

Can this be judged *Love*, or can there be,
'twixt *Love* and *Beauty* ſuch Antipathy?
How ſhould I know my *Friend* from *Enemy*,
but by the *ſecrets* he intruſted me;
But thou art ſo *ſevere* none can *diſcover*,
whether thou writ'ſt thy *ſelf*, or *Friend* or *Lover*.
Happy were *they* that liv'd in *Ages* paſt,
when *nature* ty'd both *Love* and *pleaſure* faſt:
Bleſt were thoſe *Dayes*, when *Breſt* with *Breſt* did meet,
and the ſtol'n *ſweets* of *Love* not held unmeet.
When *Man* had *Licence* given him with his *Eyes*,
to ſearch into *Loves* profound *Myſteries*.
When I do *court* thee to't thou *plead'ſt* a *ſin*,
ſo putt'ſt a *period* to't ere I begin.
Tell'ſt me that *Chaſtity's* as cold as *Snow*,
and by that *Metaphor* you muſt be ſo.
But ſays *Experience* when the *Sun* appears,
he ſtraight *diſſolves* its *Body* into *tears*.
To mourn its own *Condition*, and it turns
by often *handling*, ſo you'd think it *burns*.
Think me the *Sun* my *Dear*, and by my *Art*,
I'le thaw the *Snow* congeal'd about thy *Heart*.
For know *Lycoris* there's no greater *Vice*,
in *Woman*, then to be ſo over *nice*.
What though the *Fruits* forbidden and the *Tree*,
Points *death* to others? it ſpeaks *life* to me.
Our *fears* deceive us, he whoſe poor *heart* dare
not ſtand the *peril* muſt not hope to ſhare
I'th *prize* or *profit*: So the *Merchants* gain
doth recompence his *Travel* and his *pain*.
That thing that is with greateſt *danger* won,
brings greateſt *pleaſures* when the *doubts* are gone.
So's *fame* and *Honour* purchas'd, and by this
We make our *Acts* the *Authors* of our *Bliſs*.

For ne're would *Souldier* any *Siege* begin,
did not his hopes perſwade him he ſhould win.
Nor ere did *Army* (onely) lye before
a *Fort* to look on't, and to give it o're,
If there were hopes of *Batt'ry*, and all know
long *Siege* the ſtrongeſt *Fort* doth overthrow;
For violent Outward ſtorms the *In-works* break,
and *Confidence* may make the *ſtrongeſt weak*.
Thou art but *Woman* deareſt, and canſt do
no more then what the *ſtrength* directs thee to,
Thou haſt endeavour'd *ſtrongly* to reſiſt
but ſtill the *Seige* continues, all things miſt
Thy aime, thou ſhot'ſt in vain, thy force is ſpent,
yield on *Free-quarter* then, no *Treaſon's* meant.
No noiſe but ſuch as *Turtles* ſigh ſhall fill
thy *Eares* my dear, and I thy *victor* will
Become thy *Captive*, then who'd ſhun to be
o'recome by ſuch a loving *Enemy*.
The *Bed* ſhall be our *Field*, and our *Alarms*
ſhall be ſoft *kiſſes*, though we fight in *Arms*;
Which I will *ſow* faſter then thou canſt *reap*,
who would no purchaſe *Amity* ſo cheap?
They ſay *Love* Conquers all things if't be true,
'tis poſſible that mine may *Conquer* you,
And if no *Fable* that accounted be
I will oppoſe my *Love* 'gainſt deſtiny.
I'le ſteal the *Frnit* from the *Heſperides*
ſpight of the watchful *Dragon*, when I pleaſe,
And more, to further our Content I'le charm
thoſe *Argoes Eyes* about thee, no *Ear* harm
Our *whiſpers* by a *liſtning*, nor a *light*
but thine ſhall lead me to that bleſt *delight*
That pure *Elizer*, that *All-happyneſs*
whoſe *Sweets* none can but he that taſts expreſs.

Nor

Nor think it desp'rate to be undergone
the *Will* doth make the *difficulty* none.
She that yields up her *Reason* to her *Fear*,
looseth her *Joy*, and finds her *Ruin* neer.
For when thy *coyness* hath me *Murdered*,
thy *Pitty* proves bad *Physick* to the dead.
Or could that *Pitty* me to life restore,
it cures but one wound to make thousands more,
Unless it carry with't express consent,
and liberty to warrant my content.
Then be so merciful to let me be
o'recome in *Love* by my o'recoming thee.
And let your understanding reach at this,
none hunts the *Game* but when the *Season* is.
Make use of *Time*, *Flow'rs* ne're so fair decay,
and *Love* may turn his course another way.
Then while our youths do last and *Loves* agree,
let not our Pleasures at such difference be;
The Sweets whereof will lengthen out our time,
and never fade, but still be in their prime:
The breath of *Love* shall make our kisses sweet,
till we conceit our very souls do meet.
And as our *Limbs* do lovingly entwine,
we'le grow together like the am'rous *Vine*;
And wantonly our fancies shall invent
fresh *Pleasures*, when our old grow stale or spent.
We'le fright *Age* from us, and force *Nature* to
supply our wants, till sheher self undo;
Revive our *Pleasures* with each *Breath*, and taste
the sweets as often, and yet find no waste.
Thus we will build an *Altar*, to delight
on eithers *lips*, and with a flaming sp'rit,
Our *Actions* shall be offer'd full of fire,
first kindled from a mutual desire;

That

That *Poets* now and in the *Age* to come,
ſhall fancy ours the true *Elizium*.

Lycoris weeping.

WEep not *Lycoris*, 'tis not meant
thou ſhould'ſt for this one *Act* repent;
For, where ſuch conſtant *Love* hath bin,
it were a *Crime* to think a *Sin*.
When *ſin* doth bid thee *love*, *love* not at all,
but *Love* to bid thee *ſin* is *naturall*.

A Smile.

WHo would not think to ſee that *Glance*
the ſprightly *Genious* of a flame,
But from the heat of *Love* it came;
and meant ſome dead *Heart* to advance
With *warmth* to *Life*? but oh! the ill
it onely *ſhews* its power can kill.
Who would *believe*, that hath the *Eye*
of *Reaſon* to direct his *ſence*,
A *Hill* of rigid Ice could fence
the *Sun*, and ſo diſſolveleſs lye
So neer the torrid *Zone*? but oh,
that is the frigid one below:
So either's *Natures works* upon exceſs,
as they *excel* in either more or leſs.

To Mrs. J. H. *upon my recovery of a fit of ſickneſs.*

Song.

'Tis true
I did receive a life from you,
for he's *unjuſt*,
That ſhall deny the *Miracles thou do'ſt*.
when my poor heart
Was ready to depart
This air, thou cam'ſt to viſit me,
And brought'ſt me heav'nly *Surgery*,
in either eye.

But ſee
This *Mercy's* full of *Cruelty*;
for I had paid
But one poor life, had then my *frame* decay'd:
When now to pleaſe
Your *Pride* is a *diſeaſe*
paſt *Cure*, for which each minute I
Suffer a *death*, yet cannot dy;
'tis *Tyranny*.

My *Heart*,
Whereon you practice all your *Art*,
you'l ſay's your *own*:
So *Surg'ons* torture er'e their skill be ſhown
if you'l deviſe
Mine to *Anothomiſe*,
that ſo you may adviſe your *skill*,
Firſt be ſo kind as throughly kill
my *Wiſh fulfil*.

To Mrs. I. H. *upon the ſight of a Marble Coverture or Statue in the Church.*

OBſerve *Oſtella* how it weeps,
As though it griev'd for what it keeps,
And ſeems a pitteous ſenſe to owne
Becauſe its empty gueſs hath none,
Or that it ſhould not be the ſame,
In ſenſe it ſeems to be in *Fame*,
And can thy *Breſts* be harder far
Then *Rocks* of *Flint* or *Marble* ar?
Is't not a ſhame thou ſhouldſt be known
To have leſs pitty then a *ſtone*;
But ſince thy *Heart* of fleſh *Tears* can't perſwade
My prayes ſhall be to have it *Marble made*.

A Frown.

INdeed I am the ſame I was laſt night,
My wit's as ſafe, and have a heart as light
As *Air* in's ſubtliſt *Motion*, and I ſwear
I have not wrong'd the leaſt *Curl* of my *hair*
With *violence*, nor hath my manly *Breſt*
with any thumps (ridiculous) been opreſt
My *Buttons* and my *Button-holes* are firm,
ſo is my *ſhirt*: my *Eyes* did need no term
Of *Art* or *Charm* to cloſe them: but ſoft *ſleep*
did in her *boſome* ſafe my *ſences* keep,
I wak'd this *Morning* in ſo good a mind,
I would not draw my ſelf, and have deſign'd

This

This day for *Mirth*, not to fright *Sorrow* hence,
That ſhould from thee have any *Influence*
Upon my free-born *ſoul*; 'tis not a *Frown*
Can my aſpiring *Heart* kill, or caſt down;
Should ev'ry *Frown* your *Sex* caſts, ſlay man *Pat*,
He'd need of *Ninety nine lives* more than a *Cat*.

Upon my leaving off the Company of Hellena.

I Go from *thee* with a more *willing Heart*,
than *Priſ'ners* from their *ſhackles* can depart:
Or *Camels* from the Burthens they lay down,
or *Men* to fly *Infection* leave the Town.
I go from *thee* as from a *houſe* of *Sin*,
a *Saint* doth fly h'had been betrayed in.
I leave thee, as I'd leave my *Robe* of *Woe*,
or as I would my *Miſery* forgo.
I leave thee with as hearty a *Deſire*
as *Sinners* do there *ſins*, when th' *holy fire*
Of Grace doth Beam into their Breſts. Or they
when mounting Heaven-ward leave their Gaol of Clay.
I go (ſhame to thy Sex) I do, nor ſhall
Oceans of tears, or Gaoles of ſighs recall
Me or my vows, the *Crocodile* I'le truſt,
ſooner than thee, and yield my ſelf to duſt;
I, and will firſt at the *Hyæna's* call
return to Death, with life end woes and all.
Yet i'le not leave behind me any *Curſe*,
on thee, leaſt I anticipate a worſe
Which the juſt Gods intend to ſhowre on thee,
for th' violation of thy vows to me

My Charity not love bidds thee repent;
the Gods, though ſlow, throw home their Puniſhment.

Songs in a Masque. 1 *Song*:

Fortune Deſcending.

SAy, ſay, ungratefull Mortalls, why
do you ſo much at *Fortune* rail
Since there 's not any can deny,
but by her power they do prevail,
Or in their Love or Chivalry.

Chorus. Then you that are from envy free
Come and make up a Simphony.

The Souldier and the Amoriſt
the Courtier, Clerk, and Clients Caſe,
Each had their ſeverall purpoſe Juſt,
if fortune had not been in place
To make them happy as ſhe liſt.

Chorus. Then you that are from envy free
Come and make up a Simphony.

2 *The poor Schollers Song.*

WHat Creatures on Earth
can boaſt freer Mirth
Leſſe enjoy'd and loved than we.
Though Learning grow poor

We

We ſcorn to implore
a gift but what's noble and free.

Our *freedome* of *mind*,
cannot be *confin'd*
With *Riches* are inwardly *bleſt*;
nor *Death*, nor the *Grave*,
Our worths can deprave,
nor malice *our Aſhes* moleſt.

When ſuch Moals as you,
your own *Earth* ſhal *Mew*,
And worms ſhal your memory eat:
our names being read
Shall ſtrike *envy* dead
and *Ages* our worths ſhall repeat.

3 *Song. The Country-life.*

WHo can boaſt a happineſs
more compleatly ſure than we;
Since harmleſs thoughts we dreſs
in pure ſimplicity:
And laſt nature doth diſpenſe
here her *Beauties Innocence.*

Envy is a *ſtranger* here.
bleſt *Content* our Bowls do Crown.
Let ſuch *Slaves* themſelves to *Fear*,
on whoſe *Guilt* the *Judge* doth frown:

We from evil *Actions* are
Free as uncorrupted *Air*.

With the *Turtles* whiſper *Love*,
with the *Birds* we practiſe *Mirth*;
With our harmleſſe *Kids* we *move*,
and receive our *food* from *Earth*:
Nor do we diſdain to be
Cloath'd with the *Lambs Livery*.

4. *Song. Ambition.*

HOw deceitfull is the *State*
of that *Greatneſs* we adore,
when *Ambitiouſly* we *ſoar*,
And have ta'n the glorious *height*;
'tis but *Ruine* painted o're
To *enſlave* us to our *Fate*;
Whoſe falſe *Delight* is eaſier *got* than *kept*;
Content ne're on it's *gaudy Pillow* ſlept.

Then how *fondly* do we *try*
with ſuch Superſtitious *care*,
to bulild *Fabricks* in the *Air*;
Or ſeek ſafety in that *Skie*,
where no *Stars*, but *Meteors* are,
That portend a *Ruine* nigh:
Where having reach'd the *Object* of our *Aim*,
we find it but a *Pyramide* of *flame*.

5. *Song.*

5. *Song.*

HAng up this delaying *deviſe*,
since I am reſolved to *roam*:
I hate things ſo peeviſhly *nice*,
and will *frolick* it e're I go home.

Thou tell'ſt me thou *loveſt* me beſt,
how am I *aſſured* of *that*?
Thou ſuffereſt me to *dandle* thy *Breſt*,
but debarr'ſt me the *thing* thou know'ſt *What*.

Hang *Lipslove*, and ſuch fooliſh *toys*,
they do but *augment* our *Deſires*:
Let *Kiſſes* be nouriſh'd by *Boys*,
'tis *Action* that ſhews *Manly fires*.

Wherefore thinkeſt thou I *came hither*,
but to *tickle thee* into the *Mood*,
'Til with *ſtriving* we do *melt together*?
ſuch *Surfeits* do our Bodies moſt *good*.

Then I prithee tell me thy *mind*,
if thou to the *Feat* be *willing*;
If not, I ſhall find *one* more *kind*
though leſſe *fair*, ſhall do't for a ſhilling.

For the *times* you know are *barely made*,
Men cannot much *Money* diſburſe:
And 'tis fit *Women ſhould live by their Trade*,
light gains make a *heavy Purſe*.

A Prologue ſpoken at the Cock-pit, *at the coming of the* Red Bull *Players thither.*

I Am amaz'd ! So one *long* kept from *Light*,
'Twixt *Joy* and *Wonder*, *trembles* at the *ſight* ;
The *Blind* that's cur'd by accident, doth pay
In ſuch *Diſtraction*, *Duty* to the *Day*,
As we preſent to you: 'tis long ſince *here*
So many *Glorious bodies* did appear,
Whoſe *Beams* gave *Life* to *Action*, as the *Sun*
Gives *growth* to th' Infant *Plants* he *Smiles* upon.
Then *flouriſht* here thoſe *Roſcio's* of the *Age*,
That *trod* the perfect *meaſure* of the *Stage*,
Who from your *eyes* took *Motion* ; ſuch as drew
Encouragement to *them*, *Contents* to *you*.
Yet thoſe ſo exquiſite in *Comedies*,
Have *Acted* ſince their own ſad *Tragedies*.
Who could have di'd more bravely ? Yet we muſt
Leave to *Opinion* that ; our onely *Truſt*
Is in your *Favours* : Nor think cauſe your *ſhare*
Of *Sweets* are gone, that all things *bitter* are.
If you'l *ſhoot* equal *Beams* on us, wee'l ſtrive
To make you *think* that *They* in *Vs* ſurvive.
Imagination's ſtrong ; but if your *eye*
Dart a *diſlike*, 'tis *time* to *yield* or *die*.

A Prologue ſpoken at the Red-Bull *to a Play called the* Whiſperer, *or what you pleaſe.*

NOw bleſs my *eye-ſight* ! what ! the houſe ſo thin,
And we upon preparing to begin !
Whence comes this ſtrange *Neglect*? have you injoy'd
Of late ſo much variety y' are *cloy'd*?
Or do you think you pay too dear for *Wit*,
And ſo would groſly take your leave of it.
Groſly indeed; for hither you do come,
Like ſo many *Chu-ls*, and leave your *Wives* at home,
Our *Author* likes the *Women* well, and ſays,
You do 'em wrong to hinder 'em from *Plays*.
And therefore wiſhes you to be more kind,
And on *his Day* to leave them not behind.
The more the merrier, rather than come alone
For *once* make *uſe* of what is not your own,
And bring your *Neighbours Wife*, which if you do
'Tis *ten* to *one* hee'l do as *much* for you ;
And if our *Mirth* cannot your *Anger* ſmother,
You may go home, and *Langh* at one another.
If what *we* fancy, *you* like in the *Play*,
'Tis a good ſign that *good Wits* jump, you'l ſay.
But though *Deſtruction*'s become a *Diſeaſe*,
In ſpight of *It*, you ſhall have what you pleaſe.

On the Report of Maſter William Lawes *his Death.*

WHo ſays *Will Lawes* is dead ? had not his *breath*
Virtue enough to *charm* the *Spleen* of *Death* ?

He

He that to *Diſcord* could pure *Concord* give,
inſtructing all *Society* to *live*,
Doth 't come within your *Reaſon* he can *die*,
who bears a part in *Friendſhips Harmony*?
Let not ſuch *thoughts* abuſe you; for the *Earth*
receives no *Muſick* but what was his *Mirth*.
He *dead*, the melancholly *World* muſt be
brought ſtraight into a *general Lethargie*:
Yet this I gueſſe, finding his *Health impair*,
He made this *change* but for a better *Air*.

To my Mother, *Mris.* Dorothy Tatham, *one of the Daughters of* Chriſtopher Percy *of* Manſon *in the County of* Dorſet, *Eſquire, then Iuſtice of* Peace *and* Quorum, *and High Sheriff of that County.*

SEe the *inconſtancy* of things,
the *Revolutions* of this *life*,
That ev'n appears in th' State of *Kings*,
and nothing 's *conſtant* but our *Strife*.
The *Court*, the *Ages* wonted Pride,
hath put her *Beauty* off, and now,
Her very *Glaſs* doth her deride,
and ſhews the *wrinkles* on her *Brow*.
Then though y' are not ſo *great* as *good*,
yet far more *happy* than y'are *poor*;
None can defile your *Name* or *Blood*,
then let that *Comfort* Guild thee o're.
At *firſt* or *laſt*, *alike* all People *fares*.
And *Kings* themſelves are not *exempt* from *Cares*.

Upon

Vpon the Death of my Father.

THe youthfull *bloud* that beat the winding *Maze*
Within your *veins*, gave length unto my *daies*;
The active *heat* diſtil a crimſon *Dew*
Through thoſe warm *Limbecks*, and made *Me* of *You*:
That to ſuch full proportion I am grown,
People do ſtill *Me* for *Your figure* own.
Then ſince *I* have deriv'd a part from *Thee*,
Thou canſt not die whil'ſt *Thou* haſt part in *Me*.

Song.

DEſine a *Woman*! who can do't?
'leſs you put the *Divel* to't.
He that firſt *ſhe* yeelded to,
beſt knows how with *her* to do.
To their *treacherous* ſmiles he's known,
and promotes *them* as his own:
They can turn as *he* can do
Divels into *Angels* hue.
When they *prattle* he directs them,
when they *Raunt* it he protects them:
In all points of *Sophiſtry*
They are skill'd as well as *He*.

When *they* make themſelves ſo *trim*,
what do they but ev'n Act *him* ?
Not for *Air* their *Breſts* are *bare*,
but ſome *poor Soul* to *enſnare*.
For the Spots upon their Faces,
tell you what the tother place is,
And when for ſome *prey* he watches,
he lies ſculking in their Patches :
Since then they ſo well agree,
Pitty they ſhould parted be.

To Cupid.

SEt me to *tame* a *Tyger*, melt a *Rock*,
Number the *Sands*, Plough up the *Seas*, or knock
Both *Poles* together, I with as much eaſe
Dare enterprize theſe *Wonders*, as to pleaſe
A *Woman*. Lay thou any *Plague* on me,
But to *Love* them, I'le deem it *Clemencie* ;
For they are *Riddles* paſt Mans finding out,
No task ſo difficult to go about ;
For in that *one Act* I have labour'd more
Than *Hercules* did in his *twelve* before.

To

To the——

Song.

DEep as the *Earth* Decline your *Ray*,
your *Glories* burie *there*;
It is not meet the *Guilty* Day
ſhould ever wear a *Veſtment* cleer,
Since *what* ſhould make *it* fair *leaves* to appear.

But from the *Center* of your *Souls*,
draw forth your *Griefs* and *die*,
He ſtill his *Enemy Controuls*,
that makes his *Death* his *Remedie*;
For *Reſolution* ſlights *Extreamitie*.

Or in your *Cloſets* mould away,
where there is onely *Room*
Enough, to raiſe your ſelves a *Tomb*
there, leave your *Epitaphs* to pray
The *Day* the *Night* may overcome,
To welcome your *Deliverance* home.

FINIS.

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